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THE WAR.

THE abandonment of Erzeroum, which had probably become inevitable after the decisive defeat of the 15th of October, may perhaps be the last active operation of the present campaign in Asia. The eventual result of a blockade of Kars is so certain that the Russian generals will scarcely incur a wanton loss of life by superfluous assaults. MUKHTAR PASHA has at present no force with which he can either attempt the relief of the fortress or hazard any other offensive movement. It remains to be seen whether the victorious army will undertake before winter the siege of Batoum, which would be a much more valuable acquisition than Erzeroum or Kars. An advance on Trebizond would at this season be hazardous; and MUKHTAR PASHA might still offer opposition to a pursuing army. If Batoum is besieged, the port cannot be blockaded while the Turks retain their superiority at sea, but some effort may probably be made to reduce the place by bombardment or assault. It seems not improbable that, if Batoum is taken, the Russians will place garrisons there and at Erzeroum, and withdraw the bulk of the army to the neighbourhood of their own frontier. The supply of an army in the interior of Armenia would be costly and troublesome; and, although there is no longer a regular Turkish army in the field, the Kurdish tribes will not fail to watch for opportunities of plunder. With the exception of Batoum, all Eastern Armenia is for the time virtually in the possession of the conqueror, and the acquisition may be permanently retained if it is thought advisable. None of the Continental Powers have any motive for objecting to the extension of the Russian dominion in Asia, and the alarm which has been expressed by some English political writers is not a little fanciful. The possession of the upper valley of a river offers no special facilities for the acquisition of the territory further down. If the Russians hereafter wish to conquer Bagdad or the plains between the Euphrates and Tigris, it will matter little whether their base of operations is Alexandropol or Kars. It is not altogether desirable that Russia should occupy the nearest land passage to India; but no practicable route at present exists through the valley of the Euphrates; and in other respects there is as little strategic connexion between Armenia and India as between the Pyrenees and Poland. Englishmen may for the present regard with equanimity a Russian annexation which they are in any case powerless to prevent. No ironclad ship can reach the Armenian highlands.

In Asia, if not in Europe, the Russians appear to have substantially accomplished after several months the enterprise which they expected to complete in the early summer. Their miscalculation of the Turkish power of resistance was shared by every English and foreign officer who studied the question before the beginning of the war. Those who sympathized most strongly with the Turks, including some officers who have since entered their service, unanimously held that they were incapable of offering serious resistance to an invading army. Both Russian and neutral observers left too much out of consideration the remarkable courage and tenacity of the Turkish soldier. The resources of the Turkish Government in money and munitions of war had also been inadequately appreciated. Though there is scarcely a regular commissariat, the armies in Europe and Asia have not been stinted of arms or ammunition, and the men, carrying little with them except their rifles and cartridges, can almost dispense with baggage-trains.

Russian generals appear in the early part of the Asiatic campaign to have made no sufficient allowance for the changes introduced into modern war by the improvement of firearms. On the other hand, the Turkish generals became unduly confident because they had repelled rash attacks on formidable earthworks. The causes of MUKHTAR'S disastrous defeat are now fully understood. There is reason to suppose that, if he had retreated in time, he might have again defended Zewin, or some other position in front of Erzeroum, against a superior enemy. One cause of the early Russian failures was the insurrection in the Caucasus which has since collapsed. The Turks deserve credit for their rescue of some of their allies who had been compromised in the hopeless rebellion. The further spread of the movement would only have caused additional suffering to the Circassians, inasmuch as it was impossible that they could maintain their independence after the end of the war.

It is still not positively known that the investment of Plevna is complete; but there can be no doubt that OSMAN PASHA will have great difficulty in effecting a retreat either on Sofia or on Widdin. Fifty thousand good troops might perhaps force their way through any obstacle which could be opposed to their passage, for it is impossible that the besiegers could at first provide an equal force at any point which might be selected for the movement. The safe passage of the trains which must accompany the army would be more difficult; yet it is surprising that a commander who is allowed even by his enemies to have displayed great ability should not have foreseen the danger to which he is now apparently exposed. The statement that the Turkish commander has provisions for his army for four months is for good reasons generally disbelieved. If he could afford during that time to dispense with farther convoys, he might perhaps rely on the losses which the besieging force must necessarily suffer during the winter. By retaining Plevna he would prevent the enemy from attacking SULEIMAN PASHA, or from forming the siege of the great fortresses. MEHEMET ALI is now organizing an army at Sofia, which, if it is not immediately required for the relief of Plevna, may threaten the Russian communications. The rumoured intention of the Russians to advance to Adrianople during a winter campaign is probably contingent on the reduction of Plevna. One or more of the Balkan passes might be used for an advance; and the rich plains of Roumelia would perhaps furnish sufficient provisions and fodder; but Adrianople is already to some extent fortified, and additional earthworks could be constructed if they were required. If the expedition is undertaken it will perhaps in part have been projected for political reasons. It is understood that the SULTAN at the beginning of the war wavered in his determination to resist; and palace intrigues in favour of peace may not have been wholly discontinued. The SULTAN'S principal favourite was closely allied with the commanders who, either through incapacity or through treachery, abstained from opposing the passage of the Danube by the Russians. A hostile force in front of Adrianople might possibly render more acceptable a well-timed bribe. The rumours of a conspiracy for the restoration of the dethroned MURAD seem to indicate general alarm and confusion at Constantinople. One serious result is the detention at the capital of a large body of regular troops which is urgently needed in the field.

If it were possible to calculate beforehand the policy of a Turkish Government, the conclusion of peace at the present

moment would be surrounded with almost insuperable difficulties. The Russians indeed may choose for themselves any territorial acquisition which they may desire in Armenia, and they will certainly insist on the possession of Batoum, in exchange perhaps for some of their conquests further inland. The impediment to negotiation is to be found in Europe. It is scarcely probable that the Turks should at present either agree to abandon Bulgaria north of the Balkans or allow a foreign Government a right of control over their administration of Roumelia. They have had full warning of the meaning of partial or total independence conceded to provinces detached from the Empire. Roumania has, without even the pretext of a quarrel with Turkey, acted as a subordinate ally of Russia; and Servia is only waiting for some decisive success to join the invader. A nominally independent Bulgaria would furnish a contingent to the Russian army in the next invasion, for which reasons will never be wanting as long as the Porte has any Christian subjects with whom Russian emissaries can intrigue. On the other hand, the Emperor of Russia, now assured of final victory, will not patch up a peace without attaining at least the ostensible object of the invasion. The moral impossibility of leaving the Bulgarians to the mercy of the Turks will furnish both an excuse and a reason for the demand of large concessions. As the Bulgarians themselves are notoriously unfit for the government of their own country, Russian officers, probably trained in Poland, will undertake the administration of the province. The Mahometans themselves, if they are allowed temporarily to remain in their homes, will consider Russian despotism a less evil than Bulgarian vengeance and cruelty. No good is to be expected from foreign mediation. The English Government is disliked and perhaps despised by Russia, and Austria is checked by Germany. The Porte will sooner or later have to deal singly with Russia; and perhaps it may deem any humiliation and loss preferable to another campaign in which victory would be hopeless.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

THE negotiations which have been going on for some months between Austria and Germany for a new commercial treaty to replace that which is on the eve of expiring have fallen through. The offer of Germany to continue the existing treaty for a year more has been rejected, and the discussions which were raised by the suggestion that, in lieu of a treaty of commerce, Austria should have a tariff of its own with which Germany should announce its satisfaction, and of which it should take advantage by a favoured-nation clause, have led to no result. Accordingly it has now been announced that Austria will publish its own tariff and do what seems best in its own eyes. It must have a revenue, and must get its revenue in the way it thinks best; and it cannot wait until Germany is pleased to state that the mode adopted has no features unfairly detrimental to German interests. But although the negotiations with Germany have failed, all parties regret the failure. Hungary is an agricultural country, exporting corn and wine, and would gladly receive in exchange German manufactured articles furnished at prices below those at which the infant manufacturing industry of Austria can supply them. The Germans have found the Austrian market a very good one in recent years, and in these bad times are sorry to lose it. The Austrians attach perhaps more importance to the political than to the economical advantages of a commercial treaty with Germany, and regret that there should be any interruption of the friendship which constant mercantile communication brings with it. It may therefore seem strange that three countries which all wish for a commercial treaty should not have been able to agree on one. But it is an inherent difficulty in all negotiations for commercial treaties that, while each party desires a treaty in the abstract, each party also wishes to make the treaty peculiarly favourable for itself. Experience, too, shows that commercial treaties are apt to work in unexpected ways, and then, when the time comes for renewing them, the opportunity is taken to try to guard for the future against what has been an unpleasant surprise. It was, for example, provided by the existing treaty that unfinished Austrian goods sent to Germany to be finished might be reimported into Austria free of charge. When the ceded districts of Alsace and Lorraine were annexed, the manufacturers in

those parts were sharp enough to see how advantage might be taken of this provision. They sent unfinished goods into Austria, exported and finished them, and thus got their own finished goods into Austria free of duty. The treaty was never meant to operate in this way; and the Austrian manufacturers naturally asked that a new treaty should provide against what they considered to be an abuse of the easy good nature of Austria. Another standing difficulty in the way of treaties of commerce has also presented itself on this occasion. A negotiator of such a treaty is always apt to be thinking, not of the party with whom he is dealing, but of a third party, with whom he means to deal. Austria asked that her wines might be introduced into Germany either free of duty or at a very low duty. Prince BISMARCK is said to have objected to this, not because he thought Hungarian wines could much injure the wine-growers of the Rhine, but because he wished, when the time came for a treaty with France, to be able to bargain for an easy admission of German iron into France in exchange for an easy admission of French wines into Germany.

At the bottom of the differences between the German and Austrian negotiators there was no doubt some disposition on both sides to slip away from Free-trade and to relapse into old Protectionist habits. But it does not seem that the new tariff which Austria intends to adopt is very reactionary. The chief change that is to be made is that the frontier duties are to be paid in gold instead of silver, and this means of course an augmentation of the duties. But Austria has recently found herself obliged, in order to get a footing in the foreign loan market, to borrow on the condition of paying in gold, and if she pays in gold she may naturally wish to receive in gold. Russia has already anticipated her in this; and it is difficult to see how States which are not really rich can contract gold loans and not exact gold at their frontier custom-houses. That the States which show an inclination to fall away from Free-trade are also borrowing States is a fact of which it is a mistake to lose sight. India, with the full light of England turned on her, puts an import duty on cotton goods to protect her native manufacturers; and her plea is that she is so much indebted to England that she must have a little protection accorded her in order to enable her to pay the interest. Austria and Hungary are always borrowing. Both have come into the market this year for loans, although no nation would go to foreigners for money while such a war as the present war was going on, if it could possibly help it. And what is much more remarkable is that even Prussia has now to ask for a loan. With her of course there is no question of going abroad for the money, as she can raise money at home as easily as England can. But all the traditions of Prussian statesmen are violently opposed to the creation of a national debt. It has always been their object and their boast, not only to owe the merest trifle, but to have a store of coin locked up for emergencies. Now Prussia, in order to meet current expenses, is obliged to borrow; and, although the amount wanted is not large, to have to borrow at all must be very distasteful to those who are responsible for the demand being made. The cause of Prussia having to borrow is partly the inevitable increase of expenditure, and partly the badness of the times. The revenue does not grow as it ought to grow if the times were decently good. It is sometimes said that Prussia, and indeed all Germany, has been made poorer by the payment of the French milliards. But there is much more exaggeration than truth in the statement. The principal effect of the payment of the milliards was to save Germany from getting into debt. The money of Germany had been used for the war; and, if the French milliards had not come to make good what had been so spent, Germany would have had to borrow. If the Prussian Government has even now to borrow, its deficit would have been inevitably greater if the revenue had had to support the charge of the interest on all that Prussia spent to carry her armies to Paris. Even as it is, the German army seems a heavier burden than the country can well bear; but the burden would have been very much heavier if the French had not been made to pay for those costly additions to the military system which the annexation of territory imposed on the conquerors.

The influx of French money may, indeed, have contributed to foster in Germany the speculative mania which a short time ago seized on Germany as well as on the rest of Europe. But when we remember all that has happened in

other countries, and call to mind the sufferings of English families from bubble Companies and foreign loans, the history of the *Crédit Foncier* of France, and the financial scandals culminating in the panic which threw a gloom over the Vienna Exhibition, we may be slow to seek for any extraordinary cause for financial disasters in Germany. The history of what has been going on there seems precisely like what has been going on elsewhere, and in England as much as anywhere else. The confidence of Germans in their banks has just been rudely shaken by the failure of a great bank at Stettin, which has involved, as is usually the case, the failure of allied institutions. The story of the ruin of this Stettin bank seems so natural and familiar that we could easily fancy that we were reading of something that had been taking place in an ordinary English town. There were directors, and there was a manager, but the directors did not direct, while the manager did manage. His way of managing was to go altogether out of banking business, and make large advances on worthless securities. In order to save the money locked up, he locked up more and more—until at last a new director came, who insisted on knowing what was going on, traced the ruin, and proclaimed it. The names of English establishments that have gone through a history almost precisely the same will occur to every one who is familiar with what has taken place in recent years. There are some banks, no doubt, which are always on their guard, although the list of those in a very high position which have been shown to be occasionally off their guard is surprisingly long. But it may be suspected that the banks doing business in the colliery districts which have not been induced by sanguine managers to lock up money in collieries that are now carried on at a loss are few. In Prussia the National Bank is sound, vigilant, and strong, and does its business with punctilious care. The same may be said of the Bank of England. It may also be said, although with a slighter shade of absolute certainty, of many other banks here. But Prussia is a much poorer and, financially speaking, newer country than England, and one bank perfectly sound and safe suffices for the ordinary business of the country; and the other establishments which are called banks are rather financial institutions than banks. We are rich enough to have several good banks, while Prussia is not; just as we are rich enough to pass through bad times without borrowing, while Prussia is not. The Prussians add, as the Indian Government would add, that we are also rich enough to uphold Free-trade when times are bad and money must be borrowed, while they are not. Scientifically they are, we will assume, under a mistake; and the best way to meet bad times and pay for the interest on loans is to abandon Protection and to lower or remit duties. But it is very hard to get any but Englishmen to accept and obey the dictates of this scientific truth.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

IF the Liberal party fails to recover its former supremacy, the fault will not lie in want of effort on the part of its leaders. Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are simultaneously active in urging the revival or continuance of active agitation. The choice of public objects to be attained is by common consent postponed to the primary purpose of consolidating the party; but the Church, the land, and the franchise are offered for the choice of the constituencies. As long as an institution is left in the United Kingdom, there will be something to attack and destroy, and, above all, there will be a motive for organization. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an article published two or three years ago, recommended a united assault on the Established Church as the first and most profitable employment of the united Liberal forces. At that time he could scarcely have hoped that the official leader of the Liberal party would intimate, however vaguely, his willingness to concur in the movement as soon as it should become sufficiently general to justify his adhesion. At Rochdale both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN laid more stress on the modification of land tenures than even on the destruction of the Establishment; but both speakers reiterated their expressions of hostility to an institution which, as Mr. BRIGHT truly said, furnishes few recruits to his party. As on a former occasion, Mr. BRIGHT betrayed a sectarian prejudice in an unnecessary sneer at a common ecclesiastical phrase. A bishop had delivered "What do they call it?—a charge," which Mr. BRIGHT

explained as equivalent to a speech or address. Bishops will probably still deliver charges after their sees have been disendowed; nor is the word more objectionable than any technical term or title which is used by Nonconformist sects. To the supporters of the Establishment it matters little whether the Church or the land is selected as the first victim of the modern Liberal agitation. It is barely possible that Lord HARTINGTON, while he maintains a serene impartiality on questions of establishment, may not share Mr. BRIGHT's indignation at the distribution of a third part of the land among less than a thousand owners. The anomaly of great accumulations of landed property is not unattended with social inconvenience; but one of its incidental consequences and partial compensations is the selection of Lord HARTINGTON as leader of the Liberal party. That some of the most powerful members of the aristocracy should encourage schemes of universal suffrage is a more surprising paradox than the unequal division of the land.

For the present Mr. CHAMBERLAIN disclaims a desire to introduce into England the French law of compulsory division; yet it is doubtful whether any less stringent measure would materially affect the distribution of the land. It is perfectly true that a diminution of the cost of conveyance would increase the value of existing estates; but it is not certain that simplification of titles would promote subdivision. The law of entail and settlement is a fit subject for discussion; and it is possible that land might be more often bought in small parcels if it could be more easily brought into the market. The main cause of accumulation could only be counteracted by compulsory division. A kind of property which only returns two or three per cent. on the purchase money is in its nature as much a monopoly as diamonds or valuable pictures. The rich can allow themselves the luxury; but a man with a family and with no other source of income can seldom, even if he occupies his own estate, afford to hold land of the value of 1,000*l.* a year. Smaller freeholds are proportionally more expensive possessions; and the owner of land which would sell for 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* is not likely to be content with a bare subsistence from the produce of his farm. It has lately been stated that the freeholders whose land is required for the proposed Manchester water supply have already yielded to the temptation of the purchase money offered by the Corporation. Neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explains the extent of the alteration which is to be introduced into the present law. If, after some years' trial of any legislative experiment, great estates were still kept together, the same invidious arguments would be used in support of the French law, though it may at present be unpopular in England. Some future Liberal orator would quote Mr. BRIGHT's authority for the establishment of small freeholds, and he would be able to show that the means by which the end was to be attained had proved insufficient. The present law is, notwithstanding Mr. BRIGHT's assertions, certainly not maintained for the benefit of lawyers. A great increase in the number of conveyances would serve the interests of solicitors better than the continuance of the present complexity of titles. Patriots are sometimes so much absorbed in the contemplation of their own detachment from sordid influences that they habitually attribute to all classes of their opponents exclusively interested motives. The Conservatism of nearly all clergymen and of many lawyers is to Mr. BRIGHT inexplicable except on the hypothesis of professional selfishness. Friendly critics would have no difficulty in devising a more charitable explanation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN threatens landowners not only with subdivision of property, but with immediate interference with their absolute control of the soil. It is extremely probable that some legislation of the kind will be adopted, as a consequence of the household franchise approved by Lord HARTINGTON, or rather of the universal suffrage which is more consistently advocated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GLADSTONE. When all political power is transferred to the recipients of weekly wages the condition of disfranchised landowners will not be enviable. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps find that capitalists also will be exposed in their turn to officious legislation. A minimum of wages, a maximum of work, and a progressive Income-tax may perhaps be enacted by a Legislature proceeding from universal suffrage.

The manufacturers and capitalists of Birmingham probably stand aloof from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's agitation; but in their own community they have neither voice nor influence. It is natural that the majority of the inhabitants should send members holding their own opinions to the

House of Commons; but the exclusion of a large section of the most respectable inhabitants from all share in local administration is a scandalous result of factious organization. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN boasts that at the last municipal election not a single Conservative candidate was chosen. In other words, a minority large in number, and probably including the greater part of the wealth and intelligence of the town, is deliberately and permanently subjected to civic excommunication. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his associates have already extended the same monopoly to many other towns; and, if they have their will, they will throughout the United Kingdom treat Conservatives as Catholics were treated before the Act of Emancipation. A similar organization, promoted by the Rump of the Corn Law League under the patronage of Mr. COBDEN, converted Lancashire to Conservatism. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's lot has perhaps fallen in times more propitious to factious intolerance. The statement that the Conservatives of Birmingham have in self-defence adopted a similar system furnishes an additional proof of the noxious tendency of the innovation. It is intolerable that the American machinery of primary assemblies, conventions, and caucuses should be substituted for the political traditions of England. In the course of his speech Mr. CHAMBERLAIN urged the expediency of conferring on Corporations large powers of taking land by compulsion for defined public purposes. It is scarcely possible that under the present Constitution Parliament should vest a discretion so liable to abuse in a single political faction. The land to be taken would in most cases belong to members of the persecuted minority, while the new annexations would be selected and administered, perhaps for party purposes, by the dominant faction.

While the former leader of the Liberal party countenances all revolutionary proposals, and while the present leader prospectively tolerates any measure on which his followers may hereafter agree, it is not improbable that the direction of Liberal policy may fall into the hands of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the political section which he ably represents. Their first efforts will, unless they mistake their own interests, be directed to the extension of the franchise, which is not seriously opposed by the present Cabinet. As Lord HARTINGTON suggests, the well-founded fears entertained by the tenant-farmers alone restrain Lord BEACONSFIELD from a concession which will certainly be irrevocable, and which may possibly be ruinous. The next step, from uniform to universal suffrage, will be short, and it will speedily be taken. The management of unwieldy masses of voters will then devolve on the managers of factions, such as the leaders of the Birmingham League. It is perhaps almost to be wished that the same results may follow which have already been obtained in the United States. Professional undertakers, untroubled with political convictions, will in that event gradually supersede more ambitious patriots. Corruption will afford some security against revolutionary extravagance, but the art of packing elections will only be developed by degrees, when the fervour of political agitation is exhausted by success. Before that time, the Established Church, the landowners, and the capitalists will have felt the heavy hand of the sovereign democracy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps live to protest in vain against the sordid intrigues who will regulate the movements of the engine which he has constructed for purposes of political ambition with so much ingenuity and care. A future generation will scarcely remember that in the present week England and Scotland have resounded with exhortations to organize the Liberal party for the attainment of objects which are afterwards to be defined.

FRANCE.

THE late negotiations between Marshal MACMAHON and M. POUYER-QUERTIER have not made the position of the Cabinet more dignified or more consistent. There are two hypotheses on which it is possible to frame a justification for the policy of the 16th of May. It may be said that the MARSHAL honestly thought that the feeling of the country was hostile to the majority in the late Chamber of Deputies, and that, in calling the Conservatives to power and dissolving the Chamber, he only gave the constituencies the opportunity they desired of repairing their mistake of 1876. Or it may be said that the MARSHAL's estimate of the situation was sufficiently serious to justify

him in disregarding Parliamentary proprieties and in intervening to save the country from itself. It is possible to conceive cases in which measures as stringent, though not as futile, as those taken during the last five months might be excused on the plea of necessity. If M. SIMON's continuance in power or M. GRÉVY's entrance upon it really meant the dissolution of all social order, the abolition of property, the prohibition of marriage, the suppression of religion, few Englishmen will be prepared to say that any form of repression was inadmissible provided that it answered the purpose. But neither of these assumptions are properly compatible with the resignation of the Duke of BROGLIE in favour of M. POUYER-QUERTIER. If the MARSHAL merely wished to ascertain the opinion of the electors, it has now been made known to him with unmistakable plainness; and it is the Duke of BROGLIE's business to make way, not for another Minister of like opinions with himself, but for a Minister of like opinions with the majority in the Chamber. If the MARSHAL thought that the time had come for a life and death struggle with Radicalism, the justice of his conviction is not affected by the result of the elections. The more formidable the adversary proves to be, the less does it become the Duke of BROGLIE to abandon the post of honour to any inferior chieftain. There are only two aspects in which the new Chamber of Deputies can be regarded. Either it is the representative of the country, the popular branch of the Legislature, the ultimate authority which, whether for good or evil, must determine the policy of the Government; or it is a usurper of power that does not belong to it, an enemy to be resisted all the more stoutly that it has for the moment gained a serious advantage. Neither of these theories provides a place for M. POUYER-QUERTIER. He is not the proper head for a Ministry of conciliation; he is not the proper head for a Ministry of resistance.

Though neither the Duke of BROGLIE nor M. POUYER-QUERTIER were able to see this for themselves, it seems to have occurred to some of the politicians to whom M. POUYER-QUERTIER addressed himself. The proposed Cabinet came to nothing, and the Duke of BROGLIE and his colleagues met the Chambers on Wednesday. Or, to speak with more precision, they met one of the Chambers. No member of the Government showed his face among the Deputies; the Ministerial presence was treated as a special grace of which only the Senate was found worthy. Yet even the Senate has been giving serious discomfort to true Conservatives. The MARSHAL, as we know, has a theory that the Executive *plus* one-half of the Legislature is equal to the whole Government; and this view appears to have been adopted by the Cabinet. Consequently, if the Senate will only stand by them, they are prepared to defy the Chamber of Deputies, to collect taxes which have never been voted, to try the experiment of another dissolution, and generally to resort to any revolutionary expedients that may promise to postpone the hateful necessity of acknowledging that the country demands a Liberal Ministry. These plans require, however, as an indispensable condition, the concurrence of a majority of the Senate. Possibly, if Marshal MACMAHON were allowed time to work out his ideas, he might discover that, where both branches of the Legislature are opposed to the Executive, the Executive alone becomes the whole Government. But he is not a man out of whose brain theories start full-grown, and what is wanted now is an idea that can be put in action at once. If the Senate deserts him, he may hold himself absolved from his self-imposed pledge to remain in office till 1880, and leave the field clear for M. GRÉVY. Yet even with this possibility in front of it the Senate is said to be wavering. When the Chambers met there was some talk of an order of the day which should represent the Senate as convinced that order at home and security abroad are secured by Marshal MACMAHON's presence in office. It is the cue of the Cabinet to shelter themselves as much as possible behind the MARSHAL, and such a vote as this would have been of real use to them. But the President of the Senate belongs to that constitutional Right Centre which, though it has gone a long way with the Cabinet, is now beginning to ask itself whether it has not gone a little too far. M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER is said to have told the Duke of BROGLIE that he would not allow such a resolution to be put to the vote. Marshal MACMAHON moves in an atmosphere too serene for any whisper of political strife to reach him. The Senate was willing to consider the propriety of passing a vote of confidence in the MARSHAL's Ministers; but it would not be guilty of the indecorum of implying that the MARSHAL himself could

conceivably forfeit its confidence. This is only an example of the inconvenient scruples which the Senate is expected to entertain. The fact is that the Duke of BROGLIE has this time failed to carry his Orleanist friends along with him. There are two considerations which go to explain why he has been less successful than usual with them. One is, that he is an actor while they are only spectators; and the advances towards the Bonapartists which, in the heat of the conflict, the DUKE has permitted himself to make wear a very different aspect to men who can coolly weigh the meaning and probable results of each separate step. The PRIME MINISTER has been carried away by the imperious necessities of battle; the Right Centre in the Senate have only had to look on, and they naturally feel alarm at the distance which the DUKE has already travelled under this pressure. The other consideration is that the Right Centre and the PRIME MINISTER are performing on different instruments. The Duke of BROGLIE proposes to save France from destruction by means of the Executive; the Right Centre probably think that the deliverance is to come from the Senate. The consequence is that, while the one thinks that the duty of the Senate, as of every other Conservative institution, is to support the Government, the other is of opinion that the duty of the Senate consists in dissociating itself from the blunders of the Government. Circumstances have brought the Second Chamber into very great prominence in France, and the imaginations of the Right Centre Senators are possibly excited by the reflection that they, too, may be reserved to render some striking service to their country or their party. In order to do this, it is important that they should not disgust the Republicans and provoke a revision of the Constitution which shall substitute a single for a double Chamber. More than this, the Right Centre Senators may not unreasonably cherish an ambition of their own. If the Government advises the MARSHAL to ask leave to dissolve the new Chamber of Deputies, the deciding voice will be with them. If they vote with the Republicans they can ensure the rejection of the request. Will not this policy go far to ensure their return at the next Senatorial election—an election the character of which has been in some measure determined by the elections of the Senatorial constituencies last Sunday? If, on the other hand, the Right Centre determine to cast in their lot with the Government, they run the risk of being involved in its fall if it falls, and of being put aside as useless if it succeeds. This is not a prospect that can have many charms for a party which holds a commanding position and is not without the ambition to use it. Whatever wild designs the Cabinet may entertain, it will probably have to work them out without any assistance from the Senate.

LORD HARTINGTON IN SCOTLAND.

HAVING fulfilled his duties in Parliament as leader of the Opposition for two Sessions to his own credit and to the satisfaction of both political parties, Lord HARTINGTON has now formally introduced himself to the country in his new capacity. He undertakes to tell the party which has agreed to obey him what to do, and he asserts his position by contrasting it with that of Mr. GLADSTONE, and pointing out that no one who, like himself, has the burden of responsibility, agreed with Mr. GLADSTONE in thinking that we ought to have helped Russia to coerce Turkey. Lord HARTINGTON has begun with Scotland, and in many ways his choice was judicious for his purpose. Scotland is, on the whole, very decidedly Liberal, and therefore he was sure of a welcome; but at the last election the Scotch Liberals lost several seats through the want of proper organization, and to insist on the better organization of his party is for the moment the chief task of Lord HARTINGTON. In the next place, the topics which are beginning to form part of the Liberal programme are much more easily and pleasantly discussed in Scotland than in England. Disestablishment seems a very tiny measure when it is only the Scotch Church that is threatened with it; and it may appear comparatively safe to suggest it to a Scotch audience as an admissible subject of party action. In a Scotch parish there are always two, and often three, churches and manse occupied by rival ministers, all belonging to the same social class, all exerting the same kind of influence, and all holding, so far as outsiders can judge, the

same theological opinions. That one of the three communities should be called the Established Church may easily be represented as a mere historical curiosity. How far it is the part of a prudent and responsible statesman spontaneously to invite what is called discussion on a question opening such large and far-reaching issues, and containing such formidable elements of social strife, is quite another matter. Lord HARTINGTON was on safer ground when he came to the county franchise. Through a great part of Scotland there is no practical difference between an agricultural labourer and an inhabitant of a borough. The one is as shrewd, as obstinate, and as fond of whisky as the other. And in Scotland the extension of the franchise would be a clear gain to the Liberal party. It is the creation of faggot votes that has handed over many Scotch counties to Conservatives, and faggot votes would necessarily disappear with household suffrage in the counties. In Scotland, too, the influence of the minister and the landowner generally counteract each other, and while the respect paid to the gentry is extremely small, the democratic tendencies of Presbyterianism are always showing themselves. Nor would any people delight in an extension of local self-government more than the Scotch. What they have got of it is very precious to them. They love the wrangling of baillies, and take an absorbing interest in the feuds of town councillors. If to take delight in local affairs indicates a capacity for managing them properly, the Scotch may claim to have as much innate capacity for local self-government as any people in the world. All this was very advantageous to Lord HARTINGTON, as it enabled him to go over the general doctrines of his party with a peculiar local appropriateness, and yet gave him an opportunity of inculcating useful lessons of moderation and patience by dim references to the differences of character, history, and society which prevail between Scotland which is to give the new Liberal impulse and England which is to receive and regulate it.

Before the present Ministry came into office the Conservatives had two functions to which they could confine themselves, and which were quite enough for them. They organized themselves, and they abused their opponents, and they did both with great zeal, some little unscrupulousness, and much success. Now that they are in power it is the turn of the Liberals to organize themselves and to abuse the Conservatives; and it is the business of Lord HARTINGTON to head the organization and to suggest the kind of abuse that ought to be heaped upon the Ministry. Theoretically, it may be matter for regret that our political parties should require, or should think they require, so much machinery in order to flourish. But, in point of fact, the Conservatives have invented and put in operation a very elaborate system of party machinery, and it has been found to answer so well that Liberals must either lose seats or copy it. For his own party Lord HARTINGTON sees special reasons why just at present some improvement in organization is necessary. It is the great difficulty of Liberals that they disagree on minor points, and are apt to make the most of the disagreement; and Lord HARTINGTON thinks, and perhaps rightly, that the danger of disunion would be lessened if, by the extension of organization, cliques and crotchets could be thrown into the shade. It seems strange that the notion of belonging to a party should have to be instilled into the minds of Liberal electors; but bitter experience has shown the leader of the party that its existence and value are not sufficiently appreciated by many of those who are supposed to belong to it. No party, however, can feel itself vigorous and confident while it merely thinks of itself. The political mind requires food for thought, and the food most generally relished and most easily supplied is abuse of opponents. No one can possibly find fault with Lord HARTINGTON for doing his best to abuse the Conservatives. The topics of abuse which he selected as most effective were, that the Conservatives thought of classes, and the interests of classes, and not of the nation; that they really do very little for the classes they favour; and that they have so managed their foreign policy as to leave England without allies and without influence. The first two accusations tend to destroy each other. The Conservatives declare themselves to be the special friends of farmers, publicans, officers in the army, and clergymen. For these classes they have done something, but very little. The Agricultural Holdings Act, the changes in the hours during which public-houses may remain open, the facilities accorded for regi-

mental exchanges, the provision of a sum of money to induce rapidity of promotion, and the construction of the Education Act so as to make it slightly more palatable to the supporters of Church schools, are after all very small crumbs for a Conservative Ministry to have thrown to its allies. But these allies appear to think that, if the Government has not done much for them, it has done all it could do. If they expect little from Conservatives, they expect nothing from Liberals. As to the foreign policy of the Government Lord HARTINGTON was obliged to own that on the whole it commanded his approval. When once this has been said, criticism of details may be just, but it cannot be very effective; and the main use of Lord HARTINGTON's remarks may be said to be, not to damage his opponents so much as to show that he could make such remarks. A party likes to know that its leader is capable of criticism, and Lord HARTINGTON has established the fact that he can criticize with point, good sense, and good temper.

Since, if Liberals are to unite, they must have something as to which they can proclaim and feel their unity, Lord HARTINGTON has suggested that they should agree to work for two objects and to be pressed towards a third. They are to go in stoutly and resolutely for an extension of the county franchise and an extension of local self-government, and they are to allow Scotland to lead them gently towards disestablishment. Unfortunately for the party, in all three cases the same difficulty presents itself. The Government has more or less reserved to itself the liberty to deal with them all. It treats the extension of the county franchise as a mere question of opportuneness. No member of the Ministry pronounces extension to be bad in itself. This is reserved for outspoken Liberals like Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. LOWE. All that the Government says is that the country does not wish at present for a new Reform Bill, but it more than hints that, directly the country does wish for it, it will give all that is desired. The Government is pledged to deal with the subject of County Boards, and, although this may mean very little and the Government is pledged to a vast variety of measures which it thinks it may forget, to the comfort of itself and all concerned, yet it is just as free to deal with County Boards next Session as with anything else, and it would most certainly deal with them if it saw any chance of the Liberals being able to make capital out of its not dealing with them. By its Patronage Bill it has already shaken the foundations of the Scotch Establishment; and it is obvious that the Scotch Church remains established, so far as the Government is concerned, more because it is not thought worth the trouble of disestablishing it than for any other reason. Lord HARTINGTON himself does not approve of attempts to disestablish the English Church; and even in Scotland he very much doubts whether the question which he treats with so light a heart is ripe for solution. He only says that, if the Scotch wish to disestablish their Church, he has no objection, and will not be deterred from helping them by a fear lest the precedent should weaken the position of the Church which he wishes should remain established. There are members of the present Cabinet who might without inconsistency use the arguments and even adopt the expressions of Lord HARTINGTON on the three subjects which he has desired to make especially his own. What is true is not that these subjects belong, as matters stand, to one party more than to another, but that in all probability measures relating to them would assume a different complexion according to the hands into which they fell. Liberals who think that their own party leaders will show greater vigour, breadth, and completeness in their manner of casting such measures are quite right so to organize the party as that they may shape as they please the practical proposals that are to be made. But it is for this and not for the carrying of a distinct set of measures that Lord HARTINGTON works and asks his friends to work. He offers to do, in what Liberals would think a good way, that which Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may any day offer to do in what Liberals would think a bad way. With what seem burning questions to such fiery spirits as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN Lord HARTINGTON evidently wishes to have little to do. He is not eager about "land reform," and patiently acquiesces in the unequal distribution of landed property. Such matters are banished to the dim region of future possibilities, and—apart from his prospective and hypothetical treatment of the disestablishment question—it is by thinking and making others think of what is present and immediate that Lord HARTINGTON hopes to keep his party united.

MR. LOWE ON DEPENDENCIES.

MR. LOWE has published an essay on the value of the foreign dominions of the Crown for the purpose of proving that their value is not only imaginary, but negative. For the present he is apparently content to endure the connexion with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, in the confidence that the union will ultimately be dissolved without a shock. His argument refers mainly to the Indian Empire, and even with respect to India he admits the necessity of persevering in a task which, in his opinion, ought not to have been originally undertaken. "A wise State is slow to take a step which puts its future destiny out of its own power; and such a step we have undoubtedly taken, or it has been taken on our behalf, with India." There is no reason for disputing a proposition which has no longer any practical importance. If India were now for the first time to be annexed or let alone, the temper of the present generation in England would afford a sufficient security against adventurous enterprises. In saying that the step which placed the destiny of the State out of its own power was taken by others, Mr. LOWE refers to the motives which induced the East India Company and its early agents to interfere in the political quarrels of India with the result of founding a great Empire. "Whatever they fought and plotted for was, it certainly was neither the honour of England nor the well-being of the people of India." The statement is far too broad to be true. WARREN HASTINGS was a daring and ambitious statesman, not easily restrained by scruples; but he had a strong feeling for the aggrandizement of England, and even for the well-being of the Indian people. It is a just and commonplace remark that, with all their faults, the servants of the Company in former times sympathized more deeply, because more unconsciously, than their successors with the natives among whom they passed their lives. Mr. LOWE himself acknowledges the great qualities and services of the civilians and soldiers who have governed India from the time of WARREN HASTINGS to the present day. No administrators have been more habitually actuated by a sense of public duty. As Mr. LOWE sarcastically observes, if there were a MONTHLY prize for nations, "we might enter into the competition with considerable hopes of success." There are those who would hold that great opportunities admirably used are not altogether subjects for regret; nor is the expediency of an institution disproved by the fact that its growth was casual and unforeseen. The Roman Empire only became the subject of imaginary prophecy after it had extended over the civilized world.

Mr. LOWE is perhaps more paradoxical in his discernment of one advantage which he attributes to the possession of India than in his denunciation of a burdensome liability. The possession of an Eastern Empire, in his judgment, deranges the policy of England, and involves many perilous contingencies; but it produces one compensation which, if not adequate, is yet substantial. India has been now for more than twenty years the principal field for the divine practice of competitive examination. "This great experiment has not only provided India with the best Civil Service in the world; it has also gone a great way towards solving the problem of the best way of promoting the highest education." There is always something amusing and instructive in the crotchets of vigorous minds. Only an able and self-confident man could have persuaded himself that the excellence of the Indian service was due to competition, that cramming tested by examination was the highest form of education, or that the Indian Empire was, like Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme of universal suffrage, to be regarded as an instrument of education. It may be hoped that the civil servants of the present day are equal to their duties; but it is no fault of theirs that the fame of Indian statesmanship has been earned by their unexamined predecessors. Mr. LOWE indicates a belief, which is not shared by other competent judges of the question, that the abolition of the College at Haileybury was in itself advantageous. The so-called University of London, which makes no profession of teaching, is useful as providing a Board of Examiners; but it has not superseded Oxford and Cambridge. It would perhaps not have been desirable to follow Mr. LOWE into a whimsical digression if his passion for competitive examinations were not illustrative of the peculiarities which sometimes affect the soundness of his judgment. Habitual contempt for popular opinions is perhaps a natural accompaniment of an independent habit of thought; but, if only for the purpose

of giving emphasis to unpopular statements, it tempts some able men into dogmatism and exaggeration.

It is true that the connexion with the Colonies is precarious, like all other arrangements which depend from day to day on the voluntary assent of two independent parties. Mr. LOWE adopts the conclusive arguments which were lately urged by Lord BLACHFORD against all projects for establishing a Federal Legislature and Government. It is not improbable that, as the Colonies increase in wealth and population, they may think their claim to share in controlling the policy of the Empire at the same time indispensable and impracticable. In that case it would only remain to part on friendly terms; but in the meantime it is wholly unnecessary to discuss unpalatable possibilities at the risk of giving well-founded offence. It is not certain that the Colonies will prefer, within any time which is worth considering, nominal independence to continued participation in English nationality. It would be disagreeable to many Canadians and Australians to think that they were foreigners in England. The inconvenience of being unwilling allies in any war with European countries may perhaps become trifling, either through the infrequency of war, or possibly through some arrangement for neutrality which might be consistent with the maintenance of colonial unity. There was a time when seamen held that with Spain there was no peace beyond the Line. A geographical limit might also, if it suited the convenience of all parties, be assigned to warlike operations. In the meantime the Colonies, if they contribute neither men nor money, supply friendly ports and stations in all parts of the world, and constitute wide regions which are at least not occupied by enemies. India has the additional merit of being secured from the imposition of differential or prohibitive duties on English trade.

It would be unreasonable to deny that many of Mr. LOWE's arguments are forcible; and perhaps he may even be right in regarding India as a source of weakness rather than of strength. The British Islands, or even Great Britain, might possibly be more defensible if there were no demand for troops or ships in any other part of the world; but there is little use in proving that an Empire which must be maintained is a damaging possession. It appears from Mr. HUTTON's biographical notice that the late Mr. BAGHOT would have been glad to reconcile his countrymen to the acceptance of a humble position as a fifth-rate European Power. Speculations of this kind are as unprofitable as the wish of a man to become once more a child. Every kind of greatness involves burdens and drawbacks. Some of Mr. LOWE's propositions are certainly too sweeping, as when he asserts that the loss of territory is not to be regretted so long as it continues to afford room for settlement. It is true that the United States receive more immigrants from the United Kingdom than all the Colonies; but the increase of the population of the Union strengthens a foreign Power which has often been unfriendly, while the Colonies are connected with the mother-country by the most intimate alliance. The origin of modern colonies is founded on natural obligations; for when Englishmen have settled in a territory which had previously no civilized inhabitants, they prefer an irresistible claim to the aid of their countrymen at home. Mr. GLADSTONE not long since complained of the establishment in the last generation of the colony of New Zealand, as if it had been an obvious misfortune. Few Englishmen will agree with him in the opinion that the moderate sacrifices incurred by the mother-country have not been adequately repaid by the growth at the antipodes of an English population which is already prosperous and civilized. The alternative would have been the continued occupation of the territory by savage tribes, or, more probably, the settlement of foreigners who would have discouraged English commerce. Every country must run some risks, and perhaps the stagnation which would be the natural consequence of an over-timid policy is not the least of evils. Mr. LOWE refers with a certain soreness to the impatience and displeasure with which the House of Commons received his declaration that the future loss of India ought to be calmly contemplated. There are some things which scarcely bear discussion, and assuredly no State or Empire would be safe if the dismemberment of its territory were regarded as an open question. In the particular instance Mr. LOWE rightly opposed the assumption of the Imperial title in India; but his reason, though it might be present to the minds of many members of the House, was unfit to be publicly uttered.

MR. GLADSTONE IN DUBLIN.

MR. GLADSTONE has done one thing which his enemies never expected, and another which his friends were almost afraid to hope for. He has kept silent for a number of days under great pressure to speak, and when at last he has laid aside the unaccustomed restraint, he has spoken with evident caution. If there is any alloy to the feeling of relief with which prudent politicians will read his two speeches at Dublin, it will be found in the estimate which he has apparently formed of the gravity of the Irish difficulties. He told the Corporation of Dublin that his silence down to Wednesday last had not been due to any selfish love of his own privacy. He did not, it is true, come to Ireland to make speeches, but he would willingly have made as many as the Irish public wanted had he not been afraid of doing more harm than good. This is not a conclusion at which a great and impulsive orator is likely to arrive without serious reason. When Mr. GLADSTONE sees that everything is going wrong, his first impulse is naturally to make a speech about it. He is conscientiously eager to do what he can to improve matters, and by universal admission speaking is what he does best. A question must be very burning indeed before Mr. GLADSTONE can have persuaded himself that the surest way of extinguishing the flame is to let it alone. The motive which kept him so long silent continued to influence him even when he spoke. Neither in the Council Chamber nor at the Mansion House did he make any direct reference to Home Rule. It was in his mind all the time—that much is plain from the tenor of what he did say—but he took care that it should not come to his lips.

One of the chief burdens of both his speeches was the praise of municipal institutions. Whether this praise was altogether to the taste of the Dublin Town Councillors may perhaps be doubted. There are two ways of showing respect for municipal institutions. One is to give them more to do; the other is to give them less to pay. Mr. GLADSTONE would like to honour them by the first of these methods; but modern municipalities have developed an unfortunate taste for the second. Mr. GLADSTONE sees in the recent grants of public money to local purposes a serious attack upon municipal independence. The municipality finds its expenses lessened, but, in return for a subsidy from the central authority, it has to accept a larger measure of central control. The two ideas are inseparable, since it is impossible to give away public money without taking measures to insure that it shall not be misspent. The municipalities cannot have their pockets filled and their powers and responsibilities increased at one and the same time. Mr. GLADSTONE holds, however, that in taking public money and surrendering public duties the municipalities have made a wrong choice. By narrowing the sphere of their action they have deprived their members of an opportunity of learning in a narrower sphere how to fit themselves for those higher functions which belong to the Imperial Parliament. If Mr. PAENELL or even Mr. BUTT had been there to answer Mr. GLADSTONE, a very important qualification would have been introduced into this statement. An Irish municipality, it would have been said, may properly train its members for Parliamentary work in Stephen's Green, but it must not train them for Parliamentary work at Westminster. Mr. GLADSTONE's division of the government of the United Kingdom into Municipal and Imperial leaves no place for that intermediate element which every Home Ruler is sworn to struggle for. In his second speech, again, he indirectly read the Irish people the same moral. That which is vital and essential for Ireland is not a particular change in the machinery of Government—the establishment, that is to say, of a Parliament in Dublin; it is the improvement of the social condition of Ireland by the proper use of the existing machinery. This is a truth which unfortunately the Irish people show at present little disposition to admit. But, after all, the appreciation of social improvements will remain after the passion for particular political changes has passed away. Where there is no real grievance there can hardly be any very formidable agitation. If the Imperial Parliament is careful to do for Ireland all that sensible Irishmen would wish to see an Irish Parliament do for her, it can afford to disregard the Home Rulers. The real danger is that, in its natural irritation at the annoyance of which the Home Rulers have lately been the authors, the Imperial Parliament may be tempted to neglect the interests of Ireland by way of punishing the nation for the sins of its representatives.

Mr. GLADSTONE maintains that, though the motive which dictated the Irish Church Act was not the benefit of the disestablished communion, yet he was convinced at the time, and remains convinced still, that the Act "would ultimately be found of the greatest advantage for the religious and spiritual welfare of the community that it seemed to strip." There is a sense, no doubt, in which this conviction is perfectly intelligible. The Irish Church, from being a body singularly destitute of energy or enthusiasm of any kind, has become the most fighting Church in Christendom. It used to be said that the absence of strong party distinctions would prevent independence from generating disunion. Those who hazarded this prediction showed a singular ignorance of Irish character. If the Disestablished Church came into the world somewhat naked in the matter of party differences, it has been wonderfully successful in clothing itself with them in a short time. It is probable that the real divergence between the High Church and Low Church parties in the Irish Church is almost infinitesimal by the side of the gulf which separates the extreme sections of those parties in the Church of England. But the strife between them has already made far more noise, and even the prospect of disruption seems to have no alarms for zealots such as Lord JAMES BUTLER. Those who ask for proof that spiritual enthusiasm is directed to worthy ends before admitting that its creation is a sufficient cause for rejoicing will perhaps think that Mr. GLADSTONE'S congratulations are, to say the least, premature. He would have been nearer the mark if he had congratulated the community upon the ingenuity with which the Act has been made to turn apparent impoverishment into real and very considerable wealth. If the friends of the Irish Church have been disappointed because disestablishment has found her neither peaceful nor united, her enemies may be equally disheartened because it has not left her poor.

The comparison which Mr. GLADSTONE drew between the effects to be looked for from a reform in the Land-laws in Ireland and from a similar change in England will probably rank him with weak-kneed Liberals in the opinion of more advanced politicians. He thinks the creation of a class of small proprietors both possible and desirable in Ireland, whereas in England he holds that such a change is neither possible nor desirable. He is in favour of "bold and important" changes as regards the law of entails and settlements. But when these changes have been made, the position and the prospects of the large proprietors will remain just where they were. Economical laws make it "as nearly certain as certain can be that the soil will, on the whole, be owned in large masses, and that it will continue to be owned by one set of men and cultivated by another." The position of a small proprietor in England is inferior to the position of a tenant, and the consequence is that there is a tendency on the part of small proprietors to sell their land and become tenants of a large proprietor. It is quite certain there is no such tendency as that to be detected in Ireland, and so far, at all events, Mr. GLADSTONE may claim to have shown that the evidence of facts is on his side.

HYDROPHOBIA.

THE panic which has been excited by the recent increase in the number of cases of real or supposed hydrophobia cannot be called unnatural. All the elements of terror are present in abundance. Here is a disease against which individuals cannot take effective precautions, which appears to be invariably fatal, and in which death is surrounded with peculiar horrors. It is no wonder that people are frightened at the concurrence of so many terrible characteristics. Happily, however, there are at least as many considerations which go to decrease the alarm thus created. It is true that the disease is always fatal in the sense that, when it has once manifested itself unmistakably, no cure for it has yet been discovered. But when fright becomes epidemic, this fact, in itself no doubt sufficiently disquieting, is exaggerated into something totally different. It is assumed that when a man has been bitten by a mad dog he may bid farewell to all hope of life. The certainty that the poison, if it has taken, will kill, is treated as an equivalent to the certainty that the poison will both take and kill. So far as is known, this conclusion leaves out of sight two very important qualifications. It is not every one who is constitutionally susceptible of this special

poison, and the great majority of those who are susceptible of it have it in their power to prevent its taking hold of them. There appears to be evidence that, of several persons bitten by the same dog, and that dog undoubtedly mad, none of whom have taken any precautions against hydrophobia, the disease has shown itself in some and not in others, thereby indicating that the state of the man as well as the state of the dog goes for something in the calculation. Further than this, there is the testimony of a great number of persons who have been specially exposed to bites from rabid dogs, that in their experience prompt cauterization has proved an almost universal preventive. The burning of a wound is not a pleasant process; but, supposing it to be effective, it reduces hydrophobia to the category of diseases which can only be dealt with by painful operations. It is bad enough to see a disease of this kind growing common, but it is not so bad as the feeling which seems to have got hold of some nervous persons that to be bitten by a mad dog is tantamount to sentence of death.

There is a further ground of consolation in the fact that, in the opinion of authorities who have some title to be listened to on this point, there are diseases in the dog which have much in common with rabies, but are nevertheless curable, and not capable, so far as is known, of communicating the specific poison of hydrophobia. The circumstances under which a dog reputed to be mad is killed are not usually such as to give much room for scientific investigation, and it is quite possible therefore that many cases which pass for cases of rabies are not rightly so classed. It may be objected that the cause of the present alarm is, not the greater prevalence of hydrophobia among dogs, but its greater prevalence among men; and consequently that, if the latter point can be proved, it matters little whether the animal from which the poison came was mad or only labouring under a disease which, though not hydrophobia in the dog, becomes hydrophobia when communicated to man. There is good reason, however, to suppose that the fault does not always lie with the dog, and that some cases of what is set down as hydrophobia are really cases of tetanus simulating hydrophobia, because brought on by terror at the supposed imminence of hydrophobia. If this theory should turn out to have any truth in it, it would appear that panic is the cause, in a certain proportion of instances, of the disease of which it is in turn the effect. It is difficult to gauge the precise degree of consolation contained in an assurance that, if you allow yourself to expect hydrophobia whenever you are bitten by a dog, it is not unlikely to appear; but at least it is one degree better than knowing that it will come whether you expect it or not.

The one thing that is needed to allay the present alarm is unfortunately that which it is least possible to provide at so short a notice. We want to know more about hydrophobia. There has been a perceptible difference in the popular attitude towards epidemic diseases since their causes and history have been more accurately studied. Typhoid fever has not lost all its terrors since we know that it is ordinarily communicated in liquids; nor has scarlet fever become innocuous because the infection has been ascertained to reside in the particles thrown off from the patient's skin. But there is a very considerable diminution in the alarm which these complaints inspire since these points about them have been clearly ascertained. In the same way, it would be a very great advantage if the facts about hydrophobia were more closely studied. So long as no cure can be discovered for it, it must maintain its rank as the most formidable of human diseases; but this is all the more reason for not making it more formidable than it must be in its own nature. A careful collection of facts tending to throw light upon the origin and progress of the disease alike in animals and in men may not lead to the discovery of a cure, but it would almost certainly show that the conditions which make the occurrence of the disease inevitable are very much rarer than is popularly supposed. If it could be established, for example, that fright is in a greater or less degree a predisposing cause of hydrophobia in man, a very effectual motive for not giving way to panic would have been discovered. There is still ample room for investigation whether there are any conditions of canine life which predispose to hydrophobia. Dogs are often kept in circumstances obviously injurious alike to their health and temper; and it is quite possible that this may be one of the causes of rabies. The Government has at its dis-

posal the necessary machinery for prosecuting this inquiry under both heads; and its medical staff could hardly be more usefully employed than in clearing up uncertainties which are alike discreditable to medical science and disturbing to the public imagination.

In the meantime there is a simple and practical precaution which might easily be adopted, and which, if it did not operate immediately as an absolute check, would at least have a good effect in giving a very substantial amount of protection against mad dogs or dogs supposed to be mad. This is that the owner of a dog should be bound to identify himself with it by putting round its neck a collar on which his own name and address should be plainly marked. This would fasten upon the owner the responsibility for the condition in which he allowed his dog to go about the streets, and if it was found to be afflicted with rabies, or any of those disorders which resemble rabies, he should be made, if he can be discovered, to feel this responsibility by a severe fine. When a dog has no collar, it should be seized by the police, and, if not claimed by the owner within a certain time, killed. If these rules, together with a rigorous enforcement of the dog-tax, which at present is far too laxly dealt with, were carried out, they would practically in a very short time put an end to the danger.

THE CAMPAIGNS IN BULGARIA AND ARMENIA.

SINCE our article of last week on the progress of the campaign in Bulgaria noticeable incidents have occurred. Osman Pasha is not now incompletely, but entirely, shut up in the city of redoubts, and redans, and shelter-trenches which he has created. But, as impregnable fortifications are valueless if there is not food to feed the mouths of those who man them, and powder and shot wherewith to answer the enemy's fire, so the question as regards Plevna is not now whether or not the allied forces may be able to make a renewed assault with more success than heretofore, but what stores for man and horse and gun are accumulated there. Most ingenious calculations have been made as to the amount of these. The Russians made out to their satisfaction that, in ten days from the 29th of last month, Osman Pasha would have come to the end of his stores, and that then he must surrender or make a dash to get out. The Correspondent of the *Times* at the Russian head-quarters noticed that, for ten days after the Turks had received each convoy, no deserters came in from their camp. It was consequently surmised that they deserted only when food ran short. On the other hand, those who wish to take a different view of the matter read with comfort the letter of October 22 in the columns of the *Scotsman* on Tuesday from their Correspondent at Sofia, who had just returned from Plevna. He speaks of a line of arabas stretching for ten miles; and he calculated that each araba took up eight yards. This would give about two thousand four hundred carts. This army of carts was on its way to Plevna from Orkhanie, and the convoy reached its destination. He also tells us that at the time he wrote the roads were blocked by the multitude of carts containing provisions; and, if we remember that the capture of any large number of these would certainly have been made known through the Russian official accounts, we may infer from the silence on this point that the larger part of the supplies destined for Plevna was scrambled in. The cavalry of Gourko undoubtedly seized a certain quantity, but the wonder is that his operations should have been delayed so long that the Turks were able to get in a convoy at all. It is not necessary to suppose that Osman Pasha was quite at the end of his resources either of food or of munitions when he applied for these. He may long ago, for aught is known, have made up his mind to remain where he is and may have taken measures accordingly. He informed the Correspondent above referred to that he was the "saviour of Turkey." If that means anything, it would seem to imply that he could maintain his position, and that, however welcome the appearance of a relieving army might be, yet he was independent of extraneous support. However, taking into consideration the astonishing negligence and backwardness of Turks generally in the execution of their sometimes excellent conceptions, the probability, as we said last week, is very greatly in favour of the Russian view being correct, and that supplies for only a limited time will be forthcoming. If thousands of carts did get into Plevna, thousands of mouths did so too, and the population of the town has doubled since the war began. But so long as he can find a quarter of a ration per day wherewith to keep the soldiers from absolute exhaustion, Osman Pasha is not the man to give in because the civil inhabitants of the town may be dying of starvation. A man of his relentless determination, as evidenced in the indescribably heartless and disgusting neglect of his wounded soldiers, would not probably be any wise moved to surrender his position if the entire population succumbed.

We showed before that the operation of breaking through a circle of investment, though often not difficult of accomplishment for a small and selected body of men, becomes one of surpassing danger and difficulty when an attempt is made to carry off an entire army with its artillery. But the quality of the Turkish

soldiers shut up in the fortress is so good, the numbers are so considerable, and the necessity of saving for future occasion a part of the force if the whole cannot be preserved, so evident, that we shall be surprised indeed if the stern and vigorous leader does not choose to essay a sortie *en masse* rather than surrender at discretion. It is more important, however, at this juncture to examine what are the chances of his immediate relief. It may come from two opposite quarters; indirectly from one, directly from the other. Let us begin with the question of the feasibility of affording the beleaguered of Plevna indirect relief. What force has the Czarewitch to oppose to a forward movement of Suleiman Pasha? We are met at the outset by a difficulty. No one who is likely to tell knows what force he has; and we are driven as usual to inferences. Unless, then, reinforcements on a far greater scale than we know of, or than indeed is likely, have reached the Russians, the army facing the Lom is distinctly inferior numerically to that of the Turks. But it is a common device in war to attempt to compensate for inferiority in numbers and to conceal it by incessant movement, by marches and countermarches, reconnoissances, and small attacks at as many points as possible. It has been suspected at Shumla that the army of the Czarewitch was weakened in order to effect a larger concentration about Plevna. Nothing is more probable. The persistency with which the Russians announce that no troops have been withdrawn from the side of the Lom is quite sufficient to make people believe the contrary. All the late proceedings of both the Czarewitch and General Zimmerman are calculated to support the view that a ruse is being played off upon the enemy. Zimmerman was announced as marching first towards Bazardjik to threaten the line Varna-Shumla, and then as having moved on Silistria with a view to besiege that fortress. So experienced a commander as Suleiman is probably not much deceived by the advertisement of such manoeuvres. He doubtless recognizes the absolute necessity of maintaining the position of Bazardjik. But why should he shift the quarters of a single battalion to interfere with the intention of the Russians, if they have such intention, to invest Silistria? As we shall presently have to say, speaking of Kars, what good is a great fortress if it hampers the operations of the field army? Let Zimmerman for the time alone. He cannot be better employed to advantage of the Turks than in the wasting his men before a strong place at this season of the year. The great subject for congratulation should be that the Russian general is not turning his undivided attention and giving his utmost energy to operating against the line by which the Turks are supplied—the vital line Varna-Shumla.

When the Russian staff discovered to their surprise that Suleiman, instead of, as was eagerly anticipated, adopting a venture-some course, had retired within fortified lines, they perceived the possibility of throwing their larger concentration on the side of the Vid. Henceforth it must be the aim of the Czarewitch to assume a superiority which he would not possess; and Zimmerman must second him by drawing off the attention of Suleiman in another direction. This is our reading of the situation. And the question then would be, will the Ottoman Commander-in-Chief, now that he has provided for the safety of Bazardjik, strike home at the Russians before him on the Lom? There is evidently not a moment to be lost if Plevna is to be indirectly relieved. If Suleiman makes up his mind to strike, there can be little doubt that his method of battle will soon enable him to ascertain with what forces he has to deal. Will not the concentration on the Vid be quickly affected should a fierce onset by Suleiman on the Czarewitch be attended with success? It is evident that more danger will eventually be run by declining to fight in Osman's interests now, even though risk may be incurred, than in allowing Osman to be swallowed up when the risk of then fighting would become indefinitely greater.

As regards the chance of Plevna being relieved by direct action from the side of Orkhanie, it is more difficult to speak. Where are the "nearly one hundred thousand" Turkish troops which a Correspondent said he saw with his own eyes just before the affairs of Dubnik and Telis? He described them as posted along the line from Orkhanie to Plevna. It was the fact of their dispersion in this fashion which brought about defeat at Dubnik. But it is more than doubtful if there were half a hundred thousand troops all told. At any rate, it seems by the latest accounts that twenty-five thousand men now compose Cheketa Pasha's entire force. Though the dispositions of this general were such as to invite defeat, it is far to remember that his command was largely made up of irregulars. The nomination of Mehemet Ali to the supreme direction of matters on the side of Sofia and Orkhanie is the most satisfactory testimony possible to the real estimation in which he is held; and he may be trusted to do nothing which will compromise his army, even if he fails to accomplish the object of his appointment. That he will very soon be given every soldier who can be spared from passing necessities elsewhere is certain, although the quality of the men may be very doubtful; but the objective is too serious, the danger too menacing, to allow even of jealousy doing aught to withhold support. We shall probably find that, in proportion to the non-success of the Turkish arms, the merit of our own countrymen doing battle in their cause will be more appreciated at its just value; and that such an able officer, for instance, as Baker Pasha, will not be relegated to an inferior command.

We are not in a position to estimate the chances of Mehemet Ali being able to fight his way to Plevna. If he cannot organize promptly the heterogeneous materials entrusted to him, and if consequently his advance is delayed, the Russians will have greatly strengthened

their hold upon Telis and Dubnik. The difficulty of combining with Osman for simultaneous action is well-nigh insuperable if the Russian outpost duty is carefully carried on. The single bright spot for the Turks in a survey of the situation is the fact conceded by the Russians that Dolni Dubnik is the one point where the continuity of the circle of investment is broken. This does not mean that the entire circle is not grasped, else Osman would have found means for communicating with the outer world. But there is a point where the regularity of the investing line is broken outwards; and, so long as the Turks hold Dolni Dubnik, which is outside the position of Plevna properly so called, it gives them room for developing a considerable line of battle should it come to having to fight their way out. Were Mehemet Ali and Osman able to concert for battle on a given day, it might go hard with General Gourko's force lying between the two. The *Times* of the 8th instant and the *Pall Mall Gazette* have confused readers by confounding Dolni Dubnik, which is in Turkish hands, with Gorni Dubnik, which was captured by the Russians.

Although the Russians are displaying great activity, and threaten, passing by Teteven, to turn the position of Orkhanie, we can scarcely suppose they have numbers to spare with which to do more than harass the enemy while engaged in the work of concentration. All things considered, our want of information taken into account, it would seem that Osman Pasha would have adopted a wiser course in retiring on Orkhanie before matters came to the present pass. It is described as a position formidable by nature, and which has been artificially strengthened. With his army intact and conjoined with that of Chefket Pasha, Osman would have created another Plevna in every respect perhaps but one—and that is proximity to the Sistova-Simnitsa communication—preferable to the Plevna he quitted.

The hopes based by friends of the Turks on the successful evasion of Ismail Pasha from the clutch of the pursuing Tergu-kasoff, and his junction with the remnants of Ghazi Ahmed Mukhtar's army, have been rudely dissipated; and the capital of Armenia is likely to become the prize of the victors of the Aladja-Dagh. The Ottoman armies of the right and centre, reunited in time to make one last stand, were yet too weak to fight a winning battle against forces elated by success, and in all probability numerically superior. For once the Russians followed up a victory with promptitude. In saying this we have regard to the extreme difficulty of the country in which the operations were conducted, and to the many formidable positions which it was necessary to take or to turn on the road Kars-Erzurum. The battle of the Aladja-Dagh was fought on the 15th October; that of Deve Boyun on the 4th November. The distance between these two fighting grounds is only 130 miles. Three weeks were, therefore, consumed in accomplishing the distance, and the opposition encountered was trifling; but, as we have said, bearing in mind the difficulties of transport and the character of the country, the Russians must be credited with having exhibited on this occasion commendable energy. There is nothing very astonishing in the turn events have taken in this quarter, when we come to consider the enormous disproportion which existed between the resources of the belligerents. What is surprising is that this disproportion was not practically recognized by the Turkish Commander-in-Chief. We lately took occasion to point out that a great fortress like that of Kars is of value in proportion as it serves as support to an army in the field. But when it is deemed necessary that the latter should serve as a shield to the former, the fortress becomes an encumbrance and no support. Kars sufficiently virtualised—and, considering the time of year, there could be no manner of reason why it should not be provisioned for an indefinite term—was strong enough to take care of itself. All that was necessary for Mukhtar Pasha to do when he had driven the enemy out of Armenia was to see that Kars was filled with supplies and suitably garrisoned. What purpose did the fortress serve if the Turkish general, after providing what was essential to its existence and to the prolongation of a stout defence, could not take himself and his field army off a hundred miles and strike a blow on another part of the theatre of operations? To attack Alexandropol was out of the question. To invade Russian territory anywhere in that direction was out of the question while the fortress facing Kars remained uncaptured. If it is said that we are judging after the event, we rely that some time before the disaster which overtook the army of Mukhtar, military men of experience were gravely doubting the prudence of the Turkish chief in maintaining so advanced a position. Every one knew that the Russians were receiving reinforcements on a large scale, and it was moreover known that when the enemy retired after his earlier defeats on Alexandropol, he Semakierde recalled many of the regular troops from the Asiatic side to supplement its war power in Europe. Mukhtar Pasha seems, by the general voice of Correspondents, to have done all that a commander could do to make the most of the materials allowed him. His great error undoubtedly was over-confidence in his own skill to remedy defects in the composition of his force. He seemed to think, so we are told, that nothing could be done without his personal supervision, but that, when he had seen to everything himself, nothing could go wrong. Relying on the prestige his victories had won him, he ventured into a position which the force he commanded was inadequate to defend. It would have been painful, no doubt, to retire upon one of the several positions, where he might have offered battle with advantage, which lie between Kars and Erzurum. But in that case he initiative given to the enemy was more apparent than real. The

Russians, if they advanced, would be compelled to divide their forces. They could not have moved beyond Kars to attack Mukhtar at, say, Zewin, without leaving behind them a considerable body to watch Kars, the garrison of which would otherwise intercept their communications, harass their rear, and fall on them, if defeated, in front. Mukhtar, however, chose to stand and fight where he would be exposed to the entire weight of the Russian onset. The latter could afford for the time to leave the great fortress out of consideration, and to concentrate their attention upon beating the field army.

It is difficult at present to put a right value upon the last battle won by the Russians. So long as Kars holds out, and if the Porte is able to supply adequate reinforcements to Mukhtar, the advanced position of the Russians may be attended with grave danger. The idea of leaving Erzurum to itself, or of allowing it to fall into the enemy's hands, is no new idea with the Turkish general. He had now, however, to choose between shutting himself up in the place—and then it was doubtful if he would ever be relieved, since an entirely new army must be collected for the purpose—and retiring towards Trebizond. In the latter case, he would be in a position to receive all the reinforcements which could be sent him. There can be no doubt he has acted wisely if he has taken the latter course. And the question then resolves itself into this—what is the quality and quantity of the troops which can be immediately sent to Mukhtar? It is probable that the Russians put forth their whole strength when they commenced their movement in the first instance. They lost heavily in the battle of the 15th October. They have had to detach largely for the investment of Kars. They have to hold Erzurum when it surrenders, and to guard the line Kars-Erzurum. The Turks, on the other hand, though they have virtually lost one army, have, through their command of the sea, the easy means of transporting troops to Trebizond in any numbers which may be forthcoming.

It has been remarked that Mukhtar, if he attempted to retire after the late battle on the position of Baibourd, said to have been prepared in view of a contingency like the present, would be exposed to a flank attack from the Russian column coming from Olti. But we were distinctly told that, owing to the snow which blocked the roads, the Olti column had been withdrawn. However that may be, the danger incurred by a beaten and demoralized army in attempting to defend the wide circumference of the entrenchments of Erzurum, and these requiring for their due defence a very large garrison, would in all probability far outweigh that of coming across a detached body which after all might or might not be met with. If the defences of the city are stormed, in what direction could Mukhtar retreat? If he lingers in Erzurum, a column from Olti, weather permitting, may have entirely barred the way by the time he decides to move on Trebizond. We do not see how the reinforcements said to be on their way from Constantinople can join the troops shut up in Erzurum. Except for its political effect, there can be no doubt in any other point of view that the complete abandonment of the city, and instant retreat on Baibourd, is the wisest course. The further the Russians come on, the more men must they leave behind, and the greater the difficulty of supplying them at this season; while the Turks, retiring on Baibourd, where the stand should be made if possible, are moving back on fresh troops, more guns, more food—in fact, on all which a beaten army needs, and which is being despatched in all haste to it from Constantinople.

MOLIÈRE AND M. VEUILLLOT.

FOR a people who pride themselves on understanding the art of living, the French are strangely fond of keeping up old quarrels. A tenacious memory of things that would be better forgotten seems to be part of the Celtic genius. The Irish can never put the City of the Broken Treaty and other discreditable affairs of the past out of their minds. French men of letters are quite as fond of a good ancient grudge. For example, M. Louis Veuillot has taken up the old clerical cry against Molière, and has published a book to prove that the dramatist was not so exemplary a character as Bourdaloue, nor his comedies so edifying as the sermons of that preacher. To speak against Molière, who, as one of his critics says, is "becoming a god" in France, is to outrage the religion of men of letters. M. Henri de la Pommeraye has replied to M. Veuillot in a work which aims at showing that Molière was a better kind of man, everything considered, than Bossuet; that his comedies are not less moral than most sermons; and that, judged by their fruits, both plays and sermons were thrown away on the perverse Court of Louis XIV. It seems a little odd that M. Louis Veuillot should choose this particular moment to throw mud at Molière. There are plenty of cockshies, to use a schoolboy phrase, going about. Not to mention all the Republicans and all the Freethinkers, there is Père Hyacinthe, a good large fair mark, which a satirist might throw darts at for ever without tiring of the pastime. There are probably two or three reasons which have made M. Veuillot dig up the old tomahawk of Bossuet, and of the exemplary Archbishop of Paris who refused the dead comedian his full dues of burial as a Christian man. Molière is even more popular just now in France than usual, and to be popular is to offend M. Veuillot. Our table is covered with pretty books, little and large, about his

plays and his private life. There are the volumes of a critical edition of the best sort, with which M. Despois was busy when death closed his career of scholarlike industry. There is the big and beautiful reprint of La Grange's *Registre* which M. Edouard Thierry published nearly two years ago. There is M. Loiseau's *Les Points Obscurs de la Vie de Molière*—a work of minute research. It would be disagreeable to think that M. Loiseau is right in his view of the relationship of Molière's wife to Molière's mistress. Oddly enough, M. Veillot has not taken advantage of M. Loiseau's theory which, if we accept it, degrades the great poet and the not too scrupulous companions of his life. In addition to these books there is a cloud of contemporary witnesses published by M. Lisieux, on the prettiest paper, with the most delicate type, and with etchings from contemporary portraits. All these works, with the exhaustive *Iconographie Moliéresque* and *Bibliographie Moliéresque* of M. Paul La Croix, show that Molière is worshipped in France with not less diligence, and with better taste, than Shakspeare in England. If another proof is wanted of the Moliéresque enthusiasm, the prices of the original editions of his plays supply the evidence. You may purchase *Le Tartuffe*, the very work which annoys M. Veillot, for the sum of 90*l*. There can be no doubt that the comedian is popular with rich amateurs. M. Veillot has been unfortunate enough to see in person the delight with which the *bourgeoisie* witness the disgrace of Tartuffe. It was on a Sunday, and M. Veillot, relaxing his well-known severity for a pious purpose, went to the theatre to learn by observation whether or not the public were really hostile to the clergy. The audience was small, and socially contemptible, "gens de petite rente, et de petit négoce." M. Veillot sat next a Protestant pastor, "qui parle doux du haut d'un beau ventre," says this gentle controversialist. "When Tartuffe came on the scene, with his florid face and puritan dress, there was a murmur of hatred; the pit felt itself in the presence of an enemy, became attentive, and did not miss one of the points—I mean one of the envenomed verses—in which the thoughts and the language of piety become the expression of the blackest baseness." The Protestant minister was particularly amused, and M. Veillot appears to be persuaded that *gens de petite rente* have a morbid hatred of religion.

If Molière is really the favourite of people who hate religion as M. Veillot understands it, one sees why the editor of *L'Univers* has revived the ancient quarrel. It is pleasant to remark the zeal with which his party have always identified themselves with Tartuffe, and insisted on putting on the cap which fits. In the *placet* addressed to the King which is generally printed with *Tartuffe*, Molière complained of *ces gens de bien à outrance* who wished to condemn him to the stake. The *gens de bien à outrance* still pursue him, and inflict on him, as M. de la Pommeraye says, "eternal punishment in this world." Ever since Bossuet took the part of the Vulture of Meaux, and exulted with savage delight over the woes promised in the future life to those who laugh, the party of official devotion and of moral order in France have had one answer to all praise of Molière. They have repeated *Tartuffe*, *Tartuffe*, as the angry Marquis repeated *tarte à la crème*. And yet it is impossible to see how *Tartuffe* can offend persons who do not think piety necessarily bound to defend hypocrisy. In Molière's preface to the original edition, as in a dozen places in the play, he sharply distinguishes between the character of the hypocrite and that of the truly devout man. Tartuffe is throughout represented as a pretender so brazen, so blatant, and so unskilful, that La Bruyère had to tone down the character in his *Omphre*. Even Bourdaloue, M. Veillot's pattern of virtue, had attacked the overgrown hypocrisy of his period. He had noted the very same vices in the clergy that Molière held up to contempt in the Impostor. The existence of the hypocritical character, a character which seems now to be dying out, was generally recognized by the better preachers of the time. But M. Veillot still thinks that, if Tartuffe is not the mystic rose of devotion, he has lived near the rose, and has got somewhat of the odour of sanctity. He therefore reasons that it is not the humbug and libertine that the wicked *bourgeoisie* dislikes, but the real piety which the impostor imitates. It is a singular attitude, and rather characteristic of the modern *gens de bien à outrance* in France.

The comparison of Molière and Bourdaloue is only an example of the ingenious and facile sort of criticism which blames a man for being himself rather than some other person. It would be as fair to go about to show that Bourdaloue had a poor notion of stage management as to accuse Molière of having passed a youth less staid than that of the eloquent divine. When the war is carried into the enemy's country, when Molière is set against Bossuet, and the stage against the pulpit, it is easy to show that there were equal faults on both sides. If the comedian flattered Louis XIV., as he did outrageously in the *placet* about *Tartuffe*—"Les roys voyent comme Dieu ce qu'il nous faut"—the preacher was not less courtly. The picture of Bossuet spending his last bodily strength in practising the ascent of gentle slopes, that he might be able to climb once more the staircase at Versailles, is sad enough. "Il n'a point d'os," some one said of Bossuet, and the poor player could scarcely be expected to be more austere. If Molière wrote *L'Amphitryon*, Bossuet, too, must have compromised with his conscience in the matter of the royal loves. His nepotism was of the world, worldly; and, in short, he was a man of his time. He had the less excuse for his terrible denunciation of a dead man of genius. But to blacken one character does not whitewash another. It is more instructive to note how truly the pulpit was, like the stage, a thing of fashion, a place of dis-

play. Mme. de Sévigné speaks of going to hear "le Bourdaloue" just as she might have written of "le Baron," or of any other actor:—"Le père Bourdaloue prêche divinement bien aux Tuileries. Nous nous trompions dans la pensée qu'il ne jouerait bien que dans son tripot; il passe infiniment tout ce que nous avons oui." The preachers drew characters and portraits in imitation of those of La Bruyère. Wit was not deemed out of place in the pulpit. Sometimes personal hits were made which amused the audience. Ladies left their seats when the King was not expected to appear. Preachers complained that assignments were made in church. The sacred precincts were full of scandal, display, and whispered love-making. Certainly the pulpit had little right to throw the first stone at the theatre. Both pretended to edify; neither made many conversions. The King was preached at, and went and sinned again. Hypocrisy was not slain by *Tartuffe*. Only a few innocent people of letters had the sense and candour to take to heart the moral of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* and renounce their little affectations.

Molière understood his art far too well to enjoy posing as the preacher. His friends insisted on the moral influence of the stage, just as M. Alexandre Dumas proclaims that his own plays are most edifying. In regard to one piece of morality Molière was more orthodox than the author of *L'Affaire Clemenceau*; and, indeed, anticipated and confuted that writer. In his early farce, the farce of which Rousseau possessed the MS., he introduces Le Barbouillé, who has a wicked wife:—"Ah, pauvre Barbouillé, que tu es misérable! Il faut pourtant la punir. Si je la tuais. . . L'invention ne vaut rien, car tu serois pendu." Here the early moralist has the better of the sense and the argument. But Molière knew very well that Boileau flattered when he called him a preacher—

Et ta plus burlesque parole
Est souvent un docte sermon.

This was a commonplace of those days, as of our own. Before the burning of the *Musée Municipal*, that collection contained a picture painted about 1669, and attributed to Le Brun. Molière was represented in the act of evoking the Genius of Comedy to chastise Vice and unmask Hypocrisy. But the great comedian was well aware that the object of his art was to amuse men by the picture of human life. In any such picture, if truly painted, vice and hypocrisy were sure to appear in their worst colours, just as the impression of all objects is intensified by representations in art, just as the eyes are purged to see the beauty of evanescent natural effects which the painter fixes on canvas, or of attitudes which the sculptor makes eternal in marble. But Molière claimed no further moral intention. "J'avoue qu'il y a des lieux qu'il vaut mieux fréquenter que le Théâtre, et si l'on veut blâmer toutes les choses qui ne regardent pas directement Dieu et notre salut, il est certain que la Comédie en doit estre . . . mais supposé, comme il est vrai, que les exercices de la Piété souffrent des intervalles, et que les hommes aient besoin de divertissement, je soutiens qu'on ne leur en peut trouver un qui soit plus innocent que la Comédie." This is where Molière, who continued Pascal's work, breaks away from him. To Molière *divertissement* is not a deadly opiate, but a necessary part of the changeful, moving life of man. It was superfluous to say of him, "Woe to you that laugh." In his time he had trouble enough. "How much a man can suffer before he dies!" he said in his agony to his false wife and his false friend. Through everything he was able to look on his own fate with the impartial eyes of some disembodied spirit, and to be just even to the fools and fribbles who were killing him. He possessed Goethe's clear view of man's estate, without that cold strength which sometimes repels us in Goethe. He did not suffer at all less acutely because he perceived the vanity of all, and, conscious of his own elevation, was sadly conscious of its hopeless loneliness.

OPENING THE BRANCH RAILWAY.

READERS of the City page of the *Times* may probably, or with still greater probability may not, have observed the report, a few weeks ago, of the thirty-second half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in, let us say, the Grandchester and Alwinton Railway Company; and, as a branch line of sixteen years' standing, if not at a very advanced period of railway life, has usually reached some maturity of experience, a fortunate possessor here and there of a balance in excess of his quarter's bills may have cast his eye down the lines in search of information as to its average dividend-paying powers. He will, however, have learnt instead that "the Directors hoped, under favourable circumstances, that the line might shortly be in a condition to justify the visit of the Government Inspector with a view to its being opened for traffic"; and a paragraph, subsequently copied from the *Grandchester Express*, may have shown him that this modest hope of the authorities had not been disappointed in the issue. When he had further ascertained, either casually or by geographical research, that the line which had taken sixteen years to be not quite ready was just about ten miles long, he may have indulged in some kind of speculation as to the nature of the country through which it could hardly be said to run, and the ways and customs of the inhabitants. The geological formations may have presented strata more impracticable even than Mount Cenis; or life in those parts may have been exceptionally lotus-eating and leisured. But neither of these inferences would accurately represent the true conditions of the case. Our generation is living its

town life in such a hurry that the calmer and more measured steps by which, not so many years since, the path of existence was traced seem out of date and out of experience. The old-fashioned long engagement of the College Fellow, who brought his bride home to the country living just fallen in after twenty years, more or less, of waiting for it, is probably now a matrimonial condition of the past; but it was natural enough in its day; and the church bells rang as merrily at last as they could have done for a bride of twenty. The modern young lady may perhaps suggest that the bells might more suitably have tolled, by an anticipation of their functions not very premature; but people in the country did not think so in her grandmother's time, and "stare super antiquas vias" is a good working principle on a clay soil, where roads are heavy and the pace not fast. Accordingly the opening of the branch line, when it really comes as an actual fact, is welcomed in the quiet little ancient market-town with an enthusiasm as intense, if not so extended in its area, as a smoke-grimed borough of fifty times its population and about five per cent. of its years could exhibit on occasion of a visit from a foreign potentate or a statesman on the stump.

All the country villages for miles round pour in their population, or would do so if there were any villages to pour it from; but in those hill-regions a village is unknown, and the scattered farms and cottages instead supply a gathering of old and young faces to whom banners, bands, and processions are as new and genuine a delight as the Lord Mayor's Show used to be to children in the days when the Georges reigned. The Mayor and Corporation come in from Grandchester by special train, and the Mayor has his gold chain round his neck, all solid gold, and worth two hundred and fifty pounds at the very least; and, with all this to be seen, the rain may come down at as many decimals of an inch per hour as it likes; it would come down just the same if one were following the plough. The tradesmen of the little town are *en fete* as much as their visitors from the parishes; for the long parenthesis is over at last, since the days when half-a-dozen coaches each way came through every day, and all the inns in the High Street drove a rattling trade, and had their stables full of post-horses. To be sure the parallel is only half complete; for the coaches ran through, and the train goes back again; but there is a new Company started to carry out the original plan of going on to Westchurch and joining the Great Southern main line there, and then all the seaside visitors from beyond Grandchester and the manufacturing places will take that route as they did in the coaching time. So there is a Decoration Committee and a public luncheon, and everything is rose-colour. One tradesman, indeed, has studied political economy, or what he supposes to represent that science, and he has entertained the idea of hanging out a black flag; but he thinks better of it when the day arrives, being a neighbourly person and not liking to spoil sport. Still he is convinced that the trade of the town will be ruined all the same. His customers will go to Grandchester to buy their gloves cheaper than he can sell them, for the fare is only four and sixpence return first-class. The bookseller next door has been thinking about his customers too; and he has sent them a circular announcing his readiness to supply all the London morning papers at breakfast-time. Hitherto his resources have been limited to the provincial dailies circulating in the district; a trade which his neighbour has in vain assured him that he will lose now that people can go to Grandchester for their newspapers. A prophet of misfortune, however, always manages to secure a following of some kind. He is listened to by some as provisional disciples, and by others as partially awe-struck hearers. They do not exactly believe that they or their friends are going to the dogs, any more than an old general believes it about "the service" when he hears of some new edict from the War Office; but, like that veteran, they find a certain consolation in saying so. And it is amusing to hear the venerable and well-worn arguments brought out as perfectly new discoveries of social science in the very words by which a former generation was taught that the railways would be the curse and ruin of the country. There will be no more use for the horses in the innkeeper's stables; no posting to the county town, which is fourteen miles off, and which the rural folk are obliged at times to visit, and never do visit unless they must—the secular sort at assizes and quarter sessions, the ecclesiastical at visitations. The old four-wheelers will never be wanted more; they will serve as roosting-places for the poultry, it is true; but all the dogcarts and the traps which have been familiar in the country lanes may as well be broken up for firewood and old iron at once now that this mischievous station has come into the town. Quiet little Alwinton may surely be allowed its liberty of prophesying in this strain; for was not Grandchester itself once said to be afflicted by similar terrors? It is reported that the filial piety of Grandchester citizens has discovered some full refutation of the traditional belief that their fathers were afraid to let the line come any nearer lest it should ruin their city. Let it be so; of a city even greater and more renowned than Grandchester it is written, in an imperishable record of the time to which we refer:—

Hic quoque jamdudum ferro via tecta fuisset
Oxonie, si non Vice-Chancellor ipse petition
Proctoresque obno fecissent, atque Senatam
Acriter orabant oblato expellere billum;

while a relentless foot-note disposes by anticipation of any destructive criticism, by pointing to the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons.

Yet even these results of experience fail to quiet the apprehensions, or at any rate the tongues, of the rural alarmists. Like

prophets and prognosticators in another sphere, who, the more that the end of the world does not come when they said it was coming, only insist the more strongly that it will come at the next calculated period, they are all the more certain that their special prediction will come true, and that Alwinton will not survive the introduction of the new order of things, however Grandchester or Oxford may have fared. Their final and clinching argument is, "You will see." Meanwhile, they very sensibly do as their neighbours do—hang out their flags in the High Street, cheer lustily for the health of the Chairman and Directors at the opening luncheon, and tip the church bell-ringers handsomely; and when, a week or so later, a pony-carriage from the Court or the rectory a few miles off drives up as usual to their door, its lady occupant can scarcely be sure at first that it is not the well-known formula that greets her ears—"We are unfortunately out of the article just now, ma'am; but we expect a supply this week." She drives on to the shop where her own parcels from London are called for, and is again almost disappointed to miss the familiar lesson of patience—"Not arrived, ma'am; the things are so uncertain that have to come through from Grandchester." Altogether the black flag is becoming a little grey already, and its owner rolls it up with some indistinct muttering about "new brooms."

The ecclesiastical element in Alwinton is represented by the vicar. Like most of the ancient market-town centres in such districts, the parish covers a wide area and throws out long straggling arms in all directions like an octopus; and the vicar in consequence feels that he would be very tolerant of slight divergences in the ways and opinions of his curate, if he could get one. But the third or fourth head of inquiry in every answer to his advertisements in the *Guardian* for several years past has always presented the question, "Is there a station in the town?" Two or three times indeed some eagerness to secure the appointment has been shown by gentlemen to whom, as it turned out, it might be rather a matter of convenience that there was not a station in the town; but these negotiations were broken off for unavoidable reasons, and the vicar has been his own curate, or the curate, to put it more exactly, his own vicar. If any of our readers object to this last-mentioned view of ecclesiastical nomenclature, we can only reply that such at least is the tradition of Alwinton Church. That may not count for much in the onward progress of ecclesiastical movement and reform; and if the "amari aliquid" appears at all as a qualifying element amidst the rejoicings of the Alwinton folk upon their full admission to the social life of their fellow-countrymen, it may be recognized in the danger that experimental legislation in matters ecclesiastical may not now be allowed free scope for the development of its practical results in a somewhat typical case. It might chance, for instance, that the Recorder of Salisbury, who has an inconvenient acquaintance with all things belonging to our old cathedral, collegiate, and prebendal churches, might find himself at Grandchester with spare time on his hands, and might take a return ticket to Alwinton. Its ancient church and its staff of clergy, he might think, would be worth a visit; for not so long ago it was, as it had been from time immemorial, a quasi-prebendal foundation. Its rectory was divided between three portionists, not meanly endowed with glebe, the collation to whose benefices was vested in the bishop of the diocese. They appointed a vicar or deputy for the more ordinary ministrations of the church, and were supported besides by six clergymen, who as time went on had in some way or other obtained the later title of "Lecturers." To this permanent body of ten clergy the old cruciform Norman church of Alwinton, with its massive central tower, had added the spiritual ministrations of a modern "curate," and, on the whole, would appear in the eyes of a true ritualist and archaeologist to be well deserving his investigation. The result might have been historically more complete if his researches could have been postponed for a few years longer. For it has fared with the College of Alwinton within the period of modern Church reform as with the "little Indian boys" of the song. The three portionist rectors, the bishop who appointed them, the six lecturers, and the curate have all disappeared into space; the vicar, as we have said, alone remaining, for the present; and for his appointment, in place of the rectors, the Bishop of Grandchester has appeared on the scene. This arrangement of patronage might appear peculiar, but that it is found to be referable to a general law, wide in its recent operation, but as yet undiscovered in its nature. The profane explanations current as to the principle upon which public ecclesiastical patronage has been redistributed under the auspices of Commissioners afford melancholy evidence of the levity of modern thought, although it is probably true that an episcopal hat might be used for the purposes of a "sweep" as easily as the more secular headgear, and that a table in the upper chambers of No. 10 Whitehall Place might afford facilities for a kind of canonical roulette; with results in either case very nearly as eccentric and incomprehensible as those which are observed in experience. The revenues of the vanished rectors of Alwinton have passed, it is needless to say, in possession or reversion, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. What will become of them when the vicar shall have vanished like the rest of his fellows it is premature to conjecture. They are believed, however, to be by no means in complete possession as yet. For the old portionists of Alwinton had learned, it is said, deep lessons of the wisdom of the serpent from the wealthier ecclesiastical dignitaries of their time, any one of whom would have contrived, in Adam's place, to provide against the contingencies of the future by securing the Garden of Eden on a family lease for three lives.

Still, as lives in these days are not quite of patriarchal length, it may be worth the consideration of Commissioners and reformers ecclesiastical whether the confiscation of the revenues of an ancient, almost collegiate church, in the centre of a wide area of small country parishes, is exactly the way to promote that growth of organized Church life and action which is among the most valuable provisions secured by the existing generation for its successors.

We have wandered, it may seem, a long way from the original purpose of this article as set forth in its title. But the ancient church of Alwinton looks immediately down on the modern station, and is the first and central object that meets the eye of the traveller as he descends from the train which has at last broken in upon the quiet of the dear sleepy old market town.

THE DOGMA OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

OUR readers may or may not have observed the following paragraph the other day in the Roman correspondence of the *Times*, but we will venture to say that those who did happen to see it read it without surprise, as certainly plausible, and not unlikely to be true. That they were abundantly justified in such an estimate of its contents will appear presently. The paragraph runs as follows:—

A party among his advisers urge upon Pius IX. the necessity of proclaiming the Temporal Power as a dogma of Catholic belief. Cardinal Simeoni is said to be consulting several persons as to the expediency of submitting the question to a meeting of the Cardinals at the head of the Sacred Congregations.

We are not in the secrets of the Curia, and cannot therefore undertake to say whether Cardinal Simeoni is or is not consulting his colleagues as to the expediency of formulating the dogma of the Temporal Power. But that "a party among the advisers of Pius IX." are always—as it has been happily phrased—"thirsting for new dogmas," and share the desire avowed some years ago by a leading English Jesuit to have a daily supply of them, like the daily provision of manna among the Israelites, there can be no doubt; and there can be as little doubt, we suspect, that they would not at all object to seeing the Temporal Power added with all practicable promptitude to the catalogue. Not so, however, thinks that doughty champion of the Papacy, Sir G. Bowyer, who manages to combine with an odd but unquestionable sincerity the instincts of an Ultramontane and an Englishman. On the contrary, he considers the statement "calculated to cause uneasiness"—whether to non-ultramontane Catholics, or to non-Catholic Englishmen he does not explain, but probably both classes are in his mind. And accordingly he "thinks it right to say" that the statement "is not only unfounded but impossible," and he further "thinks it right to add" from his own knowledge that, "if such a suggestion was made, it would not be entertained." Sir G. Bowyer may have reason for knowing that the report telegraphed by the *Times*' correspondent is unfounded, but it is very difficult to understand how he can "know" it to be "impossible." For years past in a long series of sermons, lectures, pamphlets, and pastorals, the head of his communion in England, both before and since his elevation to that dignity, has been preaching, arguing, and dogmatizing on the Temporal Power, almost as though it constituted the sum and substance of Christianity. As a clever and caustic priest of his diocese once remarked, "we get neither creed, decalogue, nor sacraments in Dr. Manning's teaching now; it is all the Temporal Power." Why then should it be "impossible" for so important a truth, on which his Eminence has lately reminded us that the entire civil order of the Christian world depends, to be made into a dogma? We may indeed go further. In his *True Story of the Vatican Council*, to which we called attention on its first appearance in the *Nineteenth Century*, and which he has now republished in a separate volume, Cardinal Manning refers to this great truth in a manner clearly implying that it is either already a dogma or on the high road to becoming a dogma. He is arguing, indeed, about another and still more fundamental verity, the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, but it is precisely its connexion with that doctrine that gives to his introduction of the subject of the Temporal Power so peculiar a significance. It occurs on this wise.

We are told that the three previous occasions during the pontificate of Pius IX., when the Bishops of the Universal Church were collected round the Tomb of the Apostles, foreshadowed or more than foreshadowed the approaching definition of his infallibility. On the first occasion in 1854 they assisted at the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by the sole authority of the pontiff; in 1862 they "declared with an unanimous voice their belief that the Temporal Power or principedom of the Roman Pontiff is a dispensation of the Providence of God, in order that the head of the Church may with independence and freedom exercise his spiritual primacy"; on the third occasion, in 1867, they gave their adhesion to the doctrines of the Syllabus. The Temporal Power is thus wedged in between two infallible dogmatic pronouncements in a way which, to say the least, insinuates its own infallible certainty as a dogmatic truth. It may be added that a whole string of Allocutions are cited in the Syllabus as containing "the doctrine which all Catholics are bound most firmly to hold concerning the principedom of the Roman Pontiff." And whatever subtle distinction may be drawn by theological experts between matters of faith and

"matters not necessarily of faith, because not revealed," but which nevertheless all pastors are bound to teach and all the faithful to believe, it is surely obvious that for practical purposes the distinction, if it exists, is without a difference. Sir G. Bowyer cannot desire to shelter himself under what would be in his mouth a mere quibble, and we must presume that he does not consider the Temporal Power either to be or to be capable of being made a truth binding on the conscience of Catholics; an opinion which it may be feared deserves, to speak quite within measure, no lighter condemnation than that of "rash and temerarious."

But we may be reminded that the worthy baronet has one very high authority in reserve. He considers himself "justified in the circumstances" in adopting the somewhat extraordinary procedure of committing what would, under ordinary circumstances, be a violation of a very solemn confidence. He has thrown open to the public the doors of the Pope's secret audience chamber, and undertakes to inform us of what occurred at a private interview with which the Sovereign Pontiff honoured him not many years ago. It appears that on that occasion "His Holiness expressed his disapprobation of the opinion that the Temporal Power was, or ever could be, a dogma or article of faith." And not only so, but, in order perhaps more completely to set at rest any "uneasiness" which might be felt by his auditor on the subject, His Holiness graciously "condescended to explain his reasons for such disapprobation." We should be very sorry to make Sir G. Bowyer or anybody else uneasy, but still we feel bound to confess that even this condescending assurance of the Pope's does not appear by any means conclusive as to the "impossibility" of the anticipated dogma. In the first place, it may be confidently inferred from his own many public declarations on the subject, whether or not he "condescended to explain" the distinction to his guest, that in reproaching the Temporal Power as an article of faith, Pius IX. was far from intending to express any doubt, still more "disapprobation," of its being a truth very necessary to be believed by all good Catholics. And the thin line of demarcation which separates such necessary truths from articles of faith is not, as was intimated just now, very patent or very interesting to the uninitiated. In the next place—which is still more to the purpose—His Holiness must certainly have spoken to Sir G. Bowyer in this confidential audience as "a private doctor," and not *ex cathedra*, in which capacity, according to the strictest Vatican principles, he is not infallible, and may very conceivably be mistaken. If indeed he meant all that for the purpose of Sir G. Bowyer's argument he ought to have meant, he certainly was mistaken when judged by the formal teaching of his own Allocutions. But, without insisting on that point, it is clear that what the Pope then said could in nowise bind his successors; else the unfortunate declarations, *e.g.*, of Liberius and Honorius—which to ordinary apprehension indeed were addressed by no means to "a private audience"—would entail very awkward consequences on the later occupants of their see. But neither can these condescending expressions and explanations of His Holiness's opinion in any way bind himself. Aeneas Silvius, in a work which he published as "a private doctor" at the Council of Basle, peremptorily asserted the subjection of Popes to General Councils, and denounced the opposite as "a new and strange doctrine" wrung out of the words of Scripture by an arbitrary exercise of private judgment in defiance of the teaching of antiquity. But afterwards as Pius II. he retracted all this and bade men "reject Aeneas and accept Pius." Not to multiply instances of what will be familiar to all students of Church history, John XXII. was compelled publicly to revoke the doctrine he had preached about the future condition of the Saints. Zealots for the Temporal Power may safely appeal from Pius in his private audience chamber to Pius in the Chair of Peter.

We have in fact witnessed within the last few days a conspicuous illustration of the real mind of His Holiness on the subject. This could not of course have escaped the notice of Sir G. Bowyer, and his letter closes with a brief reference to it which can hardly be considered felicitous:—

As for Father Curci, he has broken the strict rules of discipline laid down by the Military Founder of his Order; but, as an old friend of his, I say that he never will violate his fidelity to his Church and his religion.

That the discipline established by Ignatius Loyola is of a very military stringency is true enough, but it is not easy to see how Father Curci has broken it. His sermons were preached and his pamphlet on the Temporal Power published without a word of censure from his Jesuit superiors, and he had for years been the chief conductor of their special organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. If he has now been virtually expelled by the General of the Order, it is notorious that Father Beckx was simply enforcing the behests of a higher authority. We are far from saying that the unfrocked Father has violated his fidelity to his Church or his religion, but it is the Church, in the person of the Pope, and not his Order, which he has offended and whose summary vengeance he has been made to feel. There is certainly nothing in his case to relieve, and much which "is calculated to cause uneasiness" to those who do not desire to see the Temporal Power transferred from the category of open questions to the rapidly expanding region of necessary religious truths. And it must be remembered that it is just this class of truths, whether technically designated dogmas or not, about which the Ultramontane party generally, and Italian Ultramontanes in particular, feel most keenly. It has been observed, with but too much reason, that "in Rome and throughout Italy no one seriously troubles himself about purely religious tenets, no one is very earnest in theological controversy. The dogmas of the Vatican are like

the sweet cakes which a confectioner sells, but himself eats not." All experience abundantly confirms the justice of the remark. Talk to an Italian Cardinal or Monsignore, or to an English convert who has lived long enough in Rome to have become familiarized with Roman ways of thinking, about difficulties—moral, theological, or historical—in the Vatican dogmas; if he is off parade, so to speak, and feels at his ease with you, he will reply in effect, with a shrug or a smile, what we have known to be often replied in such cases, that people do not trouble themselves about matters of that kind in Rome. The dogma pleased the Pope, and subserved, or was thought to subserve, the honour and glory of the Church—that is of the Curia—and therefore it was passed in a Council where the packed vote of a hugely disproportionate Italian hierarchy practically carried all before it; and as for its truth, people will continue to believe or disbelieve much as they did before. We have known a learned Italian Jesuit divine gravely maintain, as though he were saying the most natural thing in the world, that the Immaculate Conception was defined, not because it was true—no doubt it was true, but that mattered little—but in order to preserve the Temporal Power by giving the Pope-King who defined it a fresh claim on the good offices of the Blessed Virgin. This way of looking at things is deeply ingrained in the Ultramontane, and especially the Italian Ultramontane mind, and we may be sure that, if a definition of the Temporal Power was thought likely to promote its restoration, no abstract "impossibility" as to finding its place in the "revealed deposit"—which, after all, is a question lying solely in the cognizance of the infallible Pontiff himself—would be suffered to delay the promulgation of another new dogma.

PERSEPOLIS.

ONCE in a generation, perhaps, some traveller more adventurous than the rest gives, in the published record of his own impressions, a new view of the important and interesting remains of Persepolis. Probably no other of the historical monuments of the world is so difficult of access. To visit the site of Troy or of Babylon is a light enough task in comparison with the journey to Persepolis. It is an easy matter to take a passage in one of the steamships of the British India Company which run direct from London to Bussorah, and the requisite transhipment at Bussorah for Baghdad is but an incident of ordinary travel. There is, in fact, no more difficulty in travelling from London to Baghdad than in travelling from London to Margate, except that the journey is longer, and from Baghdad the site of Babylon may be reached by an easy ride. But to visit Persepolis is no easy matter. There are two ways of getting there. One may go to Teheran, either by Trebizond or by the Caspian, and then from the Persian capital there is a ride of 500 miles by Isfahan—a ride which in summer must be made by night to avoid the terrible heat of the sun, and which, if made in autumn, spring, or winter, involves all sorts of dangers and delays from snow and ice in mountain passes varying from 7,000 to 9,000 feet in elevation above the sea-level. From Trebizond, the traveller would have to ride more than 1,200 miles through a country in which he must carry food, forage, and bedding; from the Caspian, the ride would in all be about 700 miles under similar conditions. Such is the approach to Persepolis from the north. Perhaps few persons would choose that route who had no object in view but to reach the ruins of the city of Darius. They would prefer to take a passage in one of the steamships we have mentioned, and on landing at Bushire would obtain horses or mules on which to ride through Shiraz to Persepolis. But this ride of about 300 miles is described by travellers as one of the most difficult and dangerous in the world. The region to be traversed is notoriously the most lawless and disturbed to be found in a lawless empire. There are few, if any, of the villages which have not blood feuds on hand, so that everybody goes armed, and homicide is common. Bands of robbers belonging to the nomad tribes of Eliats—the Bedaweens of Persia—infest the whole province of Shiraz. Over a great part of the rocky track it is impossible to proceed faster than at walking pace, and for no inconsiderable distance it is, to say the least, perilous to depend on other feet than one's own. At certain seasons of the year extremes of climate must be endured by the way. For the first hundred miles or so, the track passes through plains famous for dates, upon which the people of this "Germ-sir," or hot region, subsist. Then by steep and craggy paths the traveller ascends 7,000 feet, and for the rest of the journey traverses a plateau of varying elevation, which during three or four months of the year is covered with snow.

From Shiraz to Persepolis the distance is not too great for one day's ride. The opinion of travellers appears to be unanimous that disappointment is felt at the first aspect of the ruins. A whitish line, like a bastion of modern fortifications, lying at the foot of high hills trending from north to south, is nearly all that can be seen when the traveller is fording the Araxes, a stream much spoken of as "Bendemeer"; which latter name is, however, a corruption of the well-known words "Bund" and "Amir," from a dam said to have been formed near the confluence of this river with the Polwar, by the Amir Assaf-ud-Dowlat in the tenth century. There is no "bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream." That flourish of Moore's finds no repetition in the sober accounts of modern travellers. The plain of Mervdasht, through which the river runs, and at the eastern end of which stand the remains of Persepolis, is for the

most part arid and barren, producing nothing but that stunted prickly thorn which is the short-lived fuel of the desert, and which no animal but a camel will eat or could digest. Yet perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in the scene than this utter disappearance of the traces of fertilization, which certainly must have been evident at no very remote period. Chardin, who may almost be included in the list of modern travellers, says of this plain of Mervdasht that it is "fertile, riche, abondante, belle et délicateuse"—a description directly in contradiction to those of visitors in the present century. But the disappearance of cultivation and of the works necessary to agriculture upon this plain are not perhaps more noticeable than the absence of any traces of the habitations of Persepolis. There appears to be nothing whatever to mark the site of a city which was probably one of the most considerable of its time, except the massive platform upon which stood the halls and tombs of the kings of the Achaemenian dynasty. The plain is described as not far from level at the base of this great platform. It is by no means unlikely that inequalities which appear trifling beside the elevation of mountains conceal ruins of Median habitations. The masonry of the great platform is irregular, and for the most part formed of very large blocks. The surface and the joints are tolerably even. No cement was used in its construction. The length of this platform is about 1,500 feet, and the average projection from the foot of the mountain is about 800 feet. Near the centre, where the projection is greatest, the height of the platform above the plain is not less than five-and-forty feet. Elsewhere, owing perhaps to the rise of the plain, the elevation is less considerable. From the Bendemeer a few columns standing erect in irregular ruin are all that can be seen upon the platform. The diagonal lines which mark the double ascent of the great staircase, about the centre of the platform wall, are not perceptible. But on approaching the massive platform, this staircase engrosses all attention. To the south, beyond the staircase, the soil rises against the masonry. It is possible that, even in front of the staircase, the original level is concealed. But the landing from which the first flights of stairs diverge is fully laid bare. This grand staircase at Persepolis is said to be the finest both in proportions and construction in the world, and the syenite of which the steps are composed has not only retained its position, but also its sharpness of outline, almost uninjured. The ascent is made by two flights of stairs, the first diverging from a landing slightly above the soil of the plain; the second converging from vast central landings to a landing of the same dimensions as the first, on a level with the surface of the platform. The grand and massive simplicity of this work has been somewhat overlooked for the sake of inscribed ruins on the platform. Some travellers speak of the possibility of riding up the magnificent staircase; others who have actually mounted in this way have found it easy, and it is with Persians the common mode of ascent. It is clear from the dimensions that there can be no difficulty in the matter. It is said that a regiment of cavalry ten abreast could ride up the double flights of the Persepolitan staircase. The steps are twenty-two feet wide; each step rises only three and a half inches, and has a tread of fifteen inches. In some places the blocks are so huge that three or four steps have been carved out from the same piece of stone.

All that is to be seen in these days upon the surface of the platform has often been described. The winged bulls placed at the entrance of the most massive ruin, which is known as the Propyleum of Xerxes, and standing directly in front of the top of the grand staircase, immediately suggest that association with Assyria which is confirmed by historical acquaintance with the remains of Persepolis. The space between these bulls, which form part of the walls of the Propyleum, is about four paces, and it is noticeable that, while the general description of the bulls at Persepolis coincides with the well-known features of similar sculptures from Nineveh, it is mentioned as a difference in detail that the former have four legs—not five, as in so many of the Assyrian sculptures. It has been assumed that the Ninevite sculptors gave five legs, in order that the natural number of four should appear in their work from any point of view. In this case realism would seem to have made some progress in the days of Darius, son of Hystaspes. The short walls of the Propyleum are finished on the side next the mountain with other winged bulls, but these have human heads and caps and delicately chiselled hair of a precise pattern. The stairs leading from the level of this Propyleum to that of the buildings known as the Hall of Xerxes and the Hall of a Hundred Columns are very much smaller in all dimensions than the grand staircase by which the platform is attained; but this lesser ascent appears to be remarkable for the beauty and finish of the sculptures with which its sides and angles are adorned. The ornamentation of this staircase, and of the adjacent Propyleum, denotes links connecting the Persia of Darius and of Xerxes with the Assyria of Sardanapalus and with the Egypt of Rameses. But there is an association of far greater interest in the distinctly Ionic features which mark the ruins of the great halls and palaces. The continuity of architecture can nowhere perhaps be studied with better advantage than in these remains near Shiraz. Columns of greyish marble are standing which evidently formed part of the support of the entrances to the building distinguished as the Great Hall of Xerxes. In one place a capital is composed of two bulls' heads placed neck to neck, evidently in order to afford a rest for the entablature. These columns are fluted, and their pedestals, suggestive in their bulbous form of the architecture of Assyria and of Egypt, are adorned with the honey-suckle and lotus bud; in fact, with the ornament known all over

Europe as the "Greek honeysuckle." In the remains of the north entrance there is in several capitals a distinct suggestion of the Ionic volute, while, close by, the walls are sculptured with truly Oriental bas-reliefs, in which the monarch is represented seated and receiving the servile attentions characteristic of Southern climes. In one, his satrap, or umbrella bearer, shades his face; in another the holder of the Imperial fly-chaser is a more prominent personage. In others the lion is hunted, and is seen dying with complacent features by the spear of majesty. In one remarkable work the attendants surrounding the monarch of Persia have the lower part of their faces muffled. They are men, not women; it cannot well be thought there is here any suggestion of the yashmak. The muffling is probably a tribute to the Imperial divinity, as if to prevent the breath of mere attendants from polluting the atmosphere of royalty. These bas-reliefs and the cuneiform inscriptions, of which translations have been published by Sir Henry Rawlinson, are said to be very remarkable for the delicacy and condition of the work.

The ruins of Persepolis have not the grandeur of those of Egypt or of Greece. It is more than probable that a large proportion of the columns at Persepolis were of wood, and the trees of that part of Asia are not of great height or girth. One of the oldest and loftiest buildings now standing in Ispahan, known among Persians as Chehil Minar (Forty Columns)—the same name as that by which the Great Hall of Persepolis is locally designated—has a roof supported by about twenty columns of wood, placed, as were those of Persepolis, on pedestals of stone. Of the marble columns which are still standing at Persepolis, the height seems to have been sometimes exaggerated. They are, as we have said, fluted, but they are probably inferior in dimensions, as they are certainly inferior in beauty, to those sixteen columns which remain of the Temple of Jupiter at Athens. A recent traveller believes that, if Professor Rawlinson had seen the buildings of Italy, of Greece, of Egypt, and of Asia, he never would have written (in his *Five Ancient Monarchies*) of these ruins of Persepolis as "the great pillared halls which constitute the glory of Aryan architecture, and which, even in their ruins, provoke the wonder and admiration of modern Europeans, familiar with all the triumphs of Western art, with Grecian temples, Roman baths and amphitheatres, Moorish palaces, Turkish mosques, and Christian cathedrals." We have indicated the points which seem most attractive to those who have actually visited Persepolis—the magnificent staircase and the solid masonry of the large platform, the survival, in such beauty and precision, of the bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and the evidence afforded, in these adornments and in the columns, of continuity in the history of architecture. But undoubtedly there is in and about these ruins a rich field for excavation and for the discovery of other matters of interest. We do not say that Dr. Schliemann's exploits can here be rivalled, because it is doubtful whether any revelation from the tomb of Darius, or from the hall which resounded to the feasting of Alexander the Great, and which he is said to have destroyed by fire (a tradition which coincides with the theory of wooden columns), would be regarded as equally sensational with the finding of the Tomb of Agamemnon. But the search at Persepolis would not be so difficult as some of Dr. Schliemann's investigations, and there would be a sure promise of results of great value. The floors of the ruined halls are covered with detritus washed down by the rains and melting snows of ages from the adjoining mountains. The bas-reliefs upon the walls can hardly in any case be seen completely, owing to this obstruction, which might be removed with very little difficulty. It is almost certain that there are subterranean constructions, which could easily be opened, and in which there are probably remains of great value. The rock-hewn caves which are known as the Tombs of Darius and of Xerxes have never been satisfactorily cleared and explored. Not only upon the platform, but on all of the three open sides, the conformation of the ground is such as to suggest that no great labour would be needed to produce interesting discoveries. The difficulties of the work are more formidable in appearance than in reality. The region is traversed by nomad bands of Eelians, who are undoubtedly a marauding people; they have only one fixed conception with regard to Persepolis—that there are vast treasures buried there, the hiding-place of which might be read by any one clever enough to decipher the inscriptions upon the stones which face the top of the grand staircase. Were digging going on, they would certainly look for a share of this imaginary wealth. But a sufficient guard of soldiers might be obtained from Shiraz, and a true report of the excavations would quickly become known. It would be more difficult to disarm the Persian Government, which might be relied on to harass the work with suspicion, and to meet success with bad faith. But there are ways and means of dealing victoriously with these obstacles, and it would in this respect be an advantage that the treasures which are to be obtained would be rather of intellectual than of material worth. Thus much at least is certain—excavation at Persepolis could not be barren of results, for a complete study of the architectural remains cannot be made until some work of that sort is accomplished; and, if nothing else were achieved—which is a supposition hardly consistent with obvious facts—it would be no small attainment to give to the world the results of a full and authentic survey of these unquestionable records of the Achaemenian dynasty.

PALETTES.

IT would be interesting to set two painters of established style to paint exactly the same scene or the same view at the same time. The result would not be the scene itself, but the scene as each artist saw it; and the critic would think both differed from nature, whereas in reality it would be his impression of nature that differed from theirs. The various views would be coloured by the different painters' palettes; and the reality would itself be altered to the spectator by the medium of the eyesight through which he saw it. Yet, imperfect as his actual conception might be, far as it might fall short of what he fancied he saw, he will certainly be disappointed with both pictures. He will see in them the artists' hands. He will recognize their accustomed scale of colour. He will observe that each has been denied a certain portion of the light and air that was in the natural view; and if the same experiment be tried a second time, the second set of pictures will differ in the same places, the same colours, the same uses, and the same avoidances. In other arts the same rule obtains. An orator employs a limited vocabulary. It is his palette, and it only contains a certain number of words, which he uses over and over again. If a number of painters work together in a studio, they use the same series of paints, and become known by what is called their scale of colour; and in the same way a number of speakers will often unconsciously, from having pursued the same lines of study, use one set of words and phrases, and even one set of quotations. We wonder how often in the recent Church Congress the same lines were repeated—

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.

In the use of written words there is more variety perhaps than in those which are spoken. Yet a writer's style is as much made up of the words he uses as of the sentences into which he throws them. The words are in fact the colours, and the form of the sentence the outline in which they are arranged; and the larger the palette, the more varied, and at the same time the more powerful, the impression produced in the result. This comparison is at least as old as the time of Bacon, who, in the preface to his *Colours of Good and Evil*, remarks on the effect of variety to cause "a stronger apprehension," and even "suddenly win the mind to a resolution." And, just as a mixture of all colours should produce pure light, but does produce the very reverse, so a skilful orator or writer too often spends his time nominally in enlightening the world, and in reality in darkening it, while it is well if he does not now and then succeed in persuading his hearers or readers as well as himself that white is black and black white.

Though we are very far from suggesting the existence of any etymological connexion between two words so much alike in sound as palate and palette, it may be admitted that the painter's little pale or board is the palate on which he tests or tastes his colours. He looks at its face as wistfully as a mother looks at the face of her child. He cannot always control its expression. He cannot say he will have a particular colour. The palette may take a different view and he must submit. As years go on his range of colours becomes narrower. He ends perhaps, like Landseer, in using two or three at most. Perhaps like Mulready he changes them, but it is generally by using some of the old ones to the exclusion of others. The brighter colours attracted the fading fire of Turner's eye, and if Dr. Liebreich be right, the alteration by which his second manner followed the first, and his last manner went out in a general conflagration, was the result of a fixed natural law affecting the mechanism of the eye. Wilkie's mahogany palette adorns the base of his statue in the National Gallery. Why were his last colours wiped off it? Perhaps, like some other artists, he always cleaned up his palette when he had finished his day's work. In this respect there is not only great variety of usage among artists, but, what is stranger still, there is no analogy between the condition of the palette and the kind of work turned out. One artist arranges his paints in the morning as carefully and as regularly as if they were the hours on a clock face; in the evening you can tell how long he has been at work by the quantity of each he has used. Yet his pictures are of a slapdash order, rough, sometimes confused, always full of effect, yet seldom in actual harmony. Another artist rubs one colour into another, mixes half-a-dozen in the centre, covers his hands, his face, and his furniture with odd splashes, never cleans his palette, and for the most part disdains its formal use; yet from his studio comes a succession of lovely and delicate faces, a crowd of well-dressed ladies, a dream of fair women in never-ending procession. It is like the careful, well-arranged verse, the delicately-balanced lines, the highly-finished prose, which printers must sometimes decipher from a blotted, ill-regulated manuscript without stops, or dots, or cross strokes, or capitals. Pope wrote his polished couplets on the backs of old letters. Some artists' bills at their colourman's would tell a curious tale if carefully sorted into years. What must Turner have paid for Naples yellow in his later years, or Landseer for burnt sienna? In the old days when the artist ground his own colours monotony in this respect may have come on more gradually. The grinding cannot have been so pleasant a process as the using, but it must have tended to more consideration in the choice of colours than is necessary since the invention of Winsor and Newton. We mix all kinds of chemicals together, and it will not be surprising if a hundred years hence half the pictures of the present day have followed their painters into the land of shadows. In the middle ages artists knew better,

and painted for posterity. A writer of the eleventh century devoted thirty chapters to the preparation of pigments; and another especially warned his pupils against mixing sulphuret of arsenic with acetate of copper, or mineral green with vegetable purple. Matthew Paris's portrait of himself is as fresh as when he painted it six hundred years ago, though so many of the heroines of Reynolds have turned pale in the lifetime of a single mortal. It is said that the colours had long left Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," and that her exceeding beauty was owing to a restoration more complete than has fallen to the lot of any of her contemporaries. In the great Italian days the more expensive pigments, the ultramarine and the carmine, were supplied to the artist by his employer, and he was bound under heavy penalties to use fast colours. A little earlier precious paints were preserved by dipping small pieces of linen in them and laying each piece in a book. "Keep the book under your pillow," says the monkish instructor, "that it may take no damp."

Scarcely less important to the painter than his palette is his palette-knife. It is the handy implement for every requirement of the studio. It is flat, sharp, pliable, easily cleaned, and possesses certain qualities—we might say characteristics—of touch, almost of sight, which endear it to the painter. On it he examines and compares his colours; with it he mixes them, smoothes them, and kneads them together. The knife is to the palette what the spoon is to the trencher; neither is complete without the other. As the ladies of the last century practised the use of the fan, the modern artist practises with his knife. He blocks in his picture with it alone, and butters on a face or a full moon. Much, too, that Raffaele and Titian did with the grindstone is now done with the palette-knife in the mixing and rendering of the colour and the medium; and it has a further use of a sterner sort which adds that element to its character which would be wanting if we looked at it only as a pliant tool. It has a power of excision not to be overlooked. Sometimes it is too freely employed in this way, and the artist who has spent weeks in getting in his design cuts it out in as many minutes. But, as a rule, the knife might be brought to bear more often with advantage. Whole acres at some of the exhibitions would be the better for it. It is the same in every domain of art and literature. Poems, plays, operas, oratorios, articles, and speeches, all sadly want the knife nowadays. An effective speaker was asked how he contrived to make such excellent addresses. "By knowing beforehand what I want to say, and stopping when I have said it," was the reply. It is the same in writing as in speaking. There is more in a single essay of Bacon's, filling perhaps two small pages, than in all that Mr. Tupper or Mr. Boyd ever wrote. Many an obscure author of the present day would be great, or at least greater than he is, if he used the knife judiciously, blocked his work in, so to speak, before he filled it out, ground his ideas, harmonized his illustrations, took care never to make the error against which the mediæval illuminator warned his pupils of mixing mineral green and vegetable purple, and above all, if he endeavoured to add to the number of the words available on his palette. Too many are content to rush into print without any of these precautions—to exhibit before the critical public poorly furnished palettes rather than finished pictures; but they do not afterwards grumble the less and complain of the world's ill-treatment when they fail of the success they have never taken the pains to deserve.

ST. MARY REDCLIFF.

NOW that the restoration of St. Mary Redcliff Church has, after thirty years' vicissitudes, reached its completion, the student of ecclesiastical art has the opportunity, at the cost of a pilgrimage to Bristol, of judging for himself whether Mr. Ruskin's "detested Perpendicular" may not find a sufferable place in our national architecture. Quintilian speaks of Phidias's statues of the gods as adding new dignity to religion. So far from involving St. Mary's in the Oxford Professor's condemnation, the unprejudiced critic will perhaps be of opinion that this particular example of a style so little esteemed by the oracle helps to ennoble religious art. Queen Elizabeth, on her visit in 1574, pronounced Redcliff "one of the most famous, absolute, fairest and goodliest parish churches in the realm of England"—a feminine gush of epithets which shows that a feeling for historical English architecture was alive at the best period of English literature, though the art of Gothic construction was then well-nigh lost. Why the magnitude of the edifice did not cause it, instead of the neighbouring house of Austin Canons, to be raised to the dignity of a cathedral to which William Wyreestre (A.D. 1450) likens it, is answered by Fuller, who says that this church "was not sufficiently accommodated like St. Augustine's with public buildings about it for the palace of a dean or chapter." Besides, as we have recently had occasion to show, the actual Cathedral of Bristol is of a much higher architectural quality than it has been the fashion to confess. Fuller characteristically adds that, "as the town of Hague in Holland would never be built about, as accounting it more credit to be the biggest of villages in Europe than a lesser city, so Redcliff Church esteemeth it a greater grace to lead the van of all parochial than to follow in the rear after many cathedral churches in England."

The reason of the name of Redcliff is not at first sight evident, but it is capable of explanation. Lying a few hundred yards west of the main thoroughfare is a retired

spot which was enclosed by the early Quakers for their burial-place, and retained for that use until of late years, where—as the majority even of the present townspeople would be surprised to discover—the bare red sandstone rises above the green turf just as it did five centuries ago. Excavated in the rock is a veritable hermitage, with a Pointed doorway, sedilia, and remains of an altar, the construction of which shows that this part of the cliff has remained unutilized from the time the anchorite occupied the cell. It has hitherto escaped mention that this forgotten hermitage was founded by Thomas, eighth Lord Berkeley, in 1346, who placed therein as his bedesman one John Sparkes. Of the recluse himself we know no particulars; and our knowledge is almost as scanty concerning the early church of Redcliff which stood just outside his cell. In the north transept of the existing building is the figure of a mailed Crusader, with his hand on his sword's hilt, as if still ready to chase the Pagans from the Holy sites; which effigy Professor Waagen notes as powerfully sculptured. There is no inscription; but the monument is stated by Barrett to represent one of the Lords of Berkeley who formerly held the manor of Bedminster and Redcliff. To these lords, who were among the greatest church builders of the middle ages—their arms being, according to Smythe, the historian of the Berkeleys, to be seen in the windows of as many as one hundred parish churches and oratories, which they more or less erected or endowed—is to be assigned the chief merit of building the thirteenth-century church of St. Mary's, some valuable remains of which are incorporated in the later structure.

Redcliff was in the twelfth century a wider district than at present, the adjoining parishes of St. Thomas and Temple being included in its circuit. It was a town approaching, if not equaling in importance, Bristol itself, of which it is now but a parish. On John's expedition to Ireland in 1210, the aid contributed by the men of Redcliff was 1,000 marks, the same as that furnished by Bristol, while Gloucester supplied but half that amount. Robert Earl of Gloucester (ob. 1147) granted to the Knights Templars the portion of the land afterwards known as the Temple Fee, and the remainder, retaining the name of Redcliff, he sold to Robert Fitzharding. A remarkable instance of collateral and independent local jurisdiction was afforded by the contemporary self-government of Bristol, Redcliff, and Temple, now one municipality. While Bristol was governed by an elective mayor, who was so far the King's justiciary that he took oath of office from the constable of the Royal castle, the knights tried their own causes in Temple Street, where they enjoyed the usual privileges of the Order, including the right of sanctuary and exemption from the tallage of the citizens within the walls. Redcliff was a feudatory of the Berkeley lords, who there in like manner held their own courts, established a prison and gallows, and claimed the right of hue and cry, assize of bread and ale, and mulet for bloodshedding. Moreover (5th Edw. I.), a petition was presented to the King by the mayor and burghers of Bristol against Thomas Lord Berkeley, for compelling the townsmen to do suit at their town or court-leet in Redcliff Street. Unsubmissive burgesses were forcibly torn from their homes and cast into a dungeon by Berkeley's retainers, while their wives and children were trampled under the hoofs of their horses. The federations on either side of the Avon were in fact hostile clans who invaded each other's territory sword in hand. The quarrel was referred by Parliament for arrangement to "two good men of sound understanding," together with the constable of Bristol Castle. The result was that Lord Berkeley and his son Maurice were fined 1,000 marks; but, on their promise to serve the King with ten mounted troopers against Robert Bruce, they were pardoned, though the manor of Bedminster and Redcliff was confiscated into the King's hands. It was not restored till the first year of Edward III., when Thomas Lord Berkeley petitioned for a re-grant of the prerogatives of his ancestors, including the right of frank pledge and Trailbaston, the latter being a sort of summary jurisdiction over the civic rulers, including the mayor himself. A charter granted by Edward III. (A.D. 1373), whereby the town and suburbs of Bristol were constituted a separate county, with its county courts and officers, practically annulled the Berkeley claims; but the extraordinary privileges of the Templars on the south-east of the Avon were preserved under the authority of their successors, the Lords Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, to the confusion of the Bristol magistracy, until the twenty-fifth year of Henry VIII., when Temple and town were fused into one borough.

Canyn's coffer or muniment chest, once secured by six locks, but now lying decayed and empty in a room over the famous north porch of the church, formerly contained documents that might have illustrated the history of the fabric. The MSS. may, however, be thought to have served their purpose by being turned into the Rowley Poems, to say nothing of their having furnished vellum wrappers for twenty Bibles presented to the schoolboys by a careful vicar, and of their having been cut into needlework patterns for the school-girls. Nothing impresses us more with the genius of Chatterton than the fact that he saw something of the interest of these venerable documents when nobody else imagined that they had any value whatever. His passionate love for the church was true inspiration at a period when its incomprehensible majesty and beauty were viewed with indifference or considered but architectural jugglery. The usual reference for the origin of the building is to the "Maire of Bristowe" as Kalendar by Robert Recart, Town Clerk of Bristol, 18 Edw. IV. Under the year 1294 it is stated that the mayor, Simon de Burton, began to build Redclyff church. The decided character of the arcades and corbels of the "inner" north porch

shows that A.D. 1230 or a few years earlier is the date of that part of the structure; and the basement of the tower, together with an exquisite lancet arch at the west end of the north aisle, is of the same period. The porch presupposes a church, and that a church existed here as early as A.D. 1232 is shown by an incidental reference in the *Annales Theobaldie*, which speaks of the adjustment of a dispute being effected at Redcliff through the intervention of Joceline, Bishop of Wells, between William de Blois, Bishop of Worcester, and the Abbot of Tewkesbury. In the same year there is mention of the confirmation of a gift of land lying against the clock-tower (*clocherium*). The Early English remains may be fairly ascribed to the structure here referred to. The sumptuously carved north porch, and the less elaborated south entrance, together with the south transept and its remarkable quatrefoil rimmed windows, agree with the period of De Burton, who was five times mayor of Bristol between A.D. 1291 and 1304—a period when the authority of the Berkeleys was paralysed. De Burton's unfinished fabric was carried on by the two Canyngs, whose munificence is yearly remembered by a society bearing their name and founded in their honour. William, the elder of these merchant princes, is said in 1376 "to have built the body of the church, from the cross aisle downwards"; and his grandson, also named William, "in 1442, with the help of others of the worshipful town of Bristol, kept masons and workmen to edify, repair, cover, and glaze the church." In 1445 the spire was struck down by lightning, and so disastrously injured the body of the fabric as to render extensive rebuilding necessary. This catastrophe has been lately discredited, it being affirmed that the present spire is the first that the tower has ever borne. But, besides the evidence of several distinct and independent city chronicles to the fact of the disaster, there is the authority of William Wycrestre, who had lived all his life within sight of the spire, and who thrice says that it was thus destroyed. He also thrice gives, on the information of Norton, the master builder of the reconstructed church, the height of the tower with and without the spire—namely, two hundred and one hundred feet respectively. Wycrestre's devotion to St. Mary's was as near to enthusiasm as his dry matter-of-fact nature allowed; but his painful study of detail left no room for him to contemplate the church, like Chatterton, as a magnificent whole. He has not only numbered the windows and buttresses and given the dimensions of each, but he has counted the mouldings, and, what is more important, has supplied a vocabulary of these mouldings. In each of the tower piers, he says, there are "103 bowtells," and Professor Willis has given a section of one of these piers in his *Architectural Nomenclature of the Middle Ages*, and he finds the number exactly 103. This very valuable work is, indeed, chiefly founded upon the analysis of the mouldings given by Wycrestre of the west door of Redcliff, and the south porch of St. Stephen's, two churches which are the worthiest representatives of the "stones" of a city that might once have been called, for its dignified architecture and maritime importance, the Venice of England. No more appropriate epithet than fretted vault could be applied to the reticulated stone roof, but the phrase *volta fretta* is not Gray's, but William Wycrestre's.

The ground plan is a cross within a cross, the outer lines being formed by the walls, and the inner by the ranges of clustered columns, which follow not only the course of the nave, but likewise the transepts and chancel. The double aisles to the transepts are so uncommon an arrangement as to be found only in three other English churches—the cathedrals of York and Ely and Westminster Abbey. The view of these stately wings from beneath either of the tall windows gives the idea of one spacious church intersecting another at right angles, the four tall central arches apparently giving support to an external tower. Had they done so, the cathedral form would be complete without as well as within. That the arches were intended to support a belfry seems evident not only from their construction, but from their being called tower arches by Wycrestre. The absence of a triforium is hardly compensated by the increased size of the clerestory windows, the effect of which however is better when seen from the outside. The fluted columns bounding majestically upward, and ramifying into the symmetrical tracery of the vaulted ceilings of the triple aisles, foliate at the points of junction into literally a thousand forms. There are in fact 1,185 bosses mostly of leafage and flowers, carved with sprightly fancy and no two alike. While the long ranges of windows exhibit an unmistakable fifteenth-century character, the tracery preserves the full-blown richness of the Decorated period, but with almost strict uniformity of design, except in the earlier lights of the transepts.

There were two chapels dedicated to the Virgin Mary—one at the eastern end of the chancel, which is highly enriched with original carving, but overdone with modern colouring, and the other the inner or Early English north porch. That the latter was a Lady Chapel has escaped the notice of Britton and other historians of the church, but the purpose it served is clearly represented by William Wycrestre. In one place (p. 221), he speaks of it as *porticus ubi sancta et beata Virgo veneratur*, giving at the same time its dimensions, and carefully distinguishing it from the outer or Decorated porch, of which he also gives the measurement. In another place he describes it as *Capella Sancte Marie* (p. 272), and says that the exterior of the later porch was adorned with effigies of kings "subtily" wrought in freestone. The niches have long been tenantless of royal guests, for Puritan sweetness, which spared the likenesses of foul fiends but destroyed the imagery of saints in light, has suffered only the grotesque and monstrously figured corbels

that supported the tabernacles to meet the modern eye. The hexagonal north porch is a romance in stone. The story of its connexion with Chatterton has been many times recounted, and we have already referred to that strange incident in its history. Boswell tells of a visit he made to the muniment room with his illustrious chief, where George Calcott, who was a profound disbeliever in Chatterton's genius, demonstrated the authenticity of the Rowley Poems by pointing out the chest wherein they were found; a kind of evidence which still offers itself to any stray Rowleian. Not the least remarkable of the annals of the porch is the romance of its restoration, which was effected by means of a steady influx of money from a long undiscoverable source. To recarve the delicate interwoven foliage of the doorway with its intricate undercutting, and to restore the portal generally to its former splendour, was estimated by four competitors for the work as costing from 2,500*l.* to 2,750*l.*, which, considering the unwonted character of the undertaking, were singularly approximate sums. The price was thought too high by "Nil Desperandum" (the pseudonym of the late Thomas Proctor, the then unknown benefactor), who suggested that the restoration might be accomplished by workmen only without the oversight of a master builder. The experiment was successful, but the actual expense was not far different from the tenders, being 2,534*l.*, which money fell like manna, when wanted for the maintenance of the work. It is to be regretted that a more judicious selection of stone had not been made, as decay set in as soon as the cunning carving was wrought; and in no long course of years another "Nil Desperandum" will be needed to restore the restoration. The special features of the exterior are this magnificent but somewhat meretricious porch, and the yet more noble tower. But from these the eye wanders off towards the fabric as a whole, the balanced proportion of its members and its sustained grandeur captivating the attention like a fine piece of sculpture. This, in fact, the structure is, being a fretted mass from end to end.

Whatever uncertainty there may be as to the builders and building of the earlier minster, the present stately edifice is its own interpreter. Except a few features, it is the conception of one mind. We feel that we are in the presence of a powerful creative genius, from whose depths the "mighty fabric sprang" in all its complete majesty. Too much of our English modern building is mere fragmentary quotation from mediæval work, and the result is like a volume of elegant extracts inaccurately copied, and incoherently combined with doubtful interpolations of the compiler's own. Here there is no experimentalism. One master thought pervades the whole fane, and the result is a well-ordered and finished architectural epic. The sacristan of the church fondly points out a spot in the chancel where Livingstone stood and gazed down the columned vista towards the west. The traveller had seen ten times as much as ordinary men, but confessed that he had never viewed anything of its kind more perfect than the long-drawn aisles of this august sanctuary. Notwithstanding that Wycrestre has more than once told us that Norton was the architect, his name is altogether forgotten in connexion with his surviving work. St. Paul's is confessedly the monument of Wren; but Redcliff was built in days when men would not dare to call a church the builder's own monument. Though Canyng may have been the chief finder of the means to build, the name of the master builder should not perish. Therefore in the flowing cups of the annual celebrations of the Canyng Society let Norton be freshly remembered.

Throughout the restoration, which has cost over 40,000*l.*, there has been an honourable endeavour to bring back to view the exact structure that existed in the fifteenth century. The rebuilding of the spire is so successful a work that it almost reconciles us to the absence of a central tower. At any rate, the truncated western tower would not, even associated with a central belfry, have rendered the entire fabric so striking as it now does standing by itself with its renovated spire.

THE THEATRES.

THE National Theatre, as what was till lately the Queen's Theatre is now called, has been opened with a melodrama called *Russia*, which, as its whole action lies in the country whence it takes its name, is not particularly suited to the new name of the house. The play is founded on a novel of considerable reputation by Prince Lubomirski, and affords a striking instance of the manner in which good material can be wasted by unskilful hands. It is full of striking situations, which have been all but ruined by their treatment. This is the not altogether unnatural result of the writing having been entrusted to two authors who have hitherto been known by their capacity for supplying a certain part of the playgoing public with the so-called burlesques which it demands. The ideas of Messrs. Farnie and Reece as to the qualities desirable in the dialogue of a piece of strong interest seem to be but little developed. In some of the speeches there is a curious savour of French idiom, and in all there is a repellent baldness; while one scene in the first act appears to be founded on the hut scene in the late Mr. Robertson's *Owls*, and at the same time bears a striking resemblance to an impromptu charade.

The piece opens with a prologue, the first scene of which is laid in a reception-room at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The

spectator is saved some trouble in following the complication of the plot by a kind of printed patter of explanation which follows the heading of each scene on the playbill. A quotation of the first portion of this may show the experienced playgoer the general lines upon which the piece is constructed:—"How Madame Duzaire, wife of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, forms a Ladies' Club, and how Tatiana, Countess Lanine, becomes a member. How Olga, sister of Count Vladimir Lanine, is wooed, but not won, by Schelm, of the Diplomatic Bureau. How, finding himself snubbed by the Czar and ousted in Olga's affection by L'Estrange of the English Guards, Schelm intrigues with his creature Muller for a deadly vengeance. The Sham Plot. The Letters. The Rendezvous for No. 17 Square Tcherbakoff. How Vladimir vows to seek his wife, and how L'Estrange swears to go with him. The faithful Flanigan, and the triumph of Schelm over his rival Palkine, Colonel of the Gendarmerie." The villain with the singularly appropriate name of Schelm is the moving spirit of the whole play. He succeeds, by means of a deep-laid scheme, in representing Count Vladimir and "L'Estrange of the English Guards" as the heads of the "Sham Plot," and has them sent to Siberia. Thither Olga and Tatiana accompany them, and we find them at the beginning of the first act established in a hut in the scene already described. Part of this scene might form the subject of an interesting newspaper paragraph under the heading "Singular Meekness of a Cossack." The party of exiles are just sitting down comfortably to enjoy the unusual luxuries of white bread and wine, when the Cossack patrol are heard approaching, and the known brutality of their captain suggests fears that the banquet may end less pleasantly than was expected. So, indeed, it does, by reason of L'Estrange's indignantly breaking the bottle of wine after the Cossack Captain has put it to his lips. Before this he has heaped upon the Cossack the same kind of insults which the clown in a pantomime is accustomed to offer to a respectable tradesman, and the Cossack, entering apparently into the jest, has accepted them with all the simplicity of his prototype, whom he further imitates by leaving the stage with a threatening but harmless gesture at his aggressor. Presently the faithful Flanigan, who is, of course, a comic Irish servant, and, like every one in the piece, an excellent linguist, arrives in the disguise of a pilgrim father, bringing with him three six-shot revolvers, which, according to him, contain between them twenty-four bullets; and, armed with these, the exiles, when Schelm arrives and reveals himself as the new Governor of Siberia, make good their escape. Unfortunately they get lost in the snow, and while the three men have gone in different directions to try to find the way, Schelm and his soldiers surprise Tatiana and Olga, from whom Schelm extracts a promise of marriage as the price of clemency. When in the next scene Olga appears in bridal attire, furnished forth at short notice by Siberian milliners, or brought with her in view of such a contingency from St. Petersburg, and with the hilt of a dagger sticking conspicuously out of a pocket made on purpose to hold it, the student of melodrama knows tolerably well what is coming, but may not be prepared for the ingenious stratagem by which Schelm possesses himself of the dagger. Meanwhile, however, Schelm's "creature" Muller, who had been sent to Siberia to be out of the way, has vowed vengeance against his tyrant and organized a plot for his overthrow, has fallen in with the other exiles, and the band of conspirators break in at the right moment to save Olga. The fugitives disperse, and Schelm, securely tied, is left alone with Muller, who, having read him a lecture on his enormities, sets fire to the house, and leaves the new Governor to be burnt. Schelm, however, as the Cossack Captain observes, is not easily killed. He holds his wrists in the flames till the cords are burnt, and starts in fresh pursuit of his victims. Then follow more hair-breadth escapes, in the course of which a block-house on the Angara river, held by L'Estrange and Flanigan, is so riddled with rifle-shots that, according to the playbill, it falls plumb by plank, though in reality the roof disappears at one fell swoop; and, finally, just as Schelm is about to give the order for the shooting of Vladimir and L'Estrange, the Czar arrives and sets them free, and Schelm dies of the injuries he received in the burning house. The play contains many absurdities which belong to the worst school of melodrama, and which might have been avoided had any skill been bestowed upon its writing. Mr. Hermann Vezin's performance of Schelm is throughout so excellent a piece of acting as to make one feel the more unpleasantly the poor use which the writers of the play have made of their materials. The intense malignity and power of the man are brought out with a force that contrasts strangely with the words put into his mouth; nothing could be better than the actor's rendering of the piece of wily villainy by which Schelm gains possession of Olga's dagger, and his death scene is impressive without a hint of disagreeable realism. Miss Hodson plays Tatiana with her usual grace and truth, but the part is not worthy of her. Mr. Stirling's Muller is a forcible piece of melodramatic acting, and Mr. Shiel Barry makes the most of the opportunities given to him as Flanigan, while Miss Carlisle displays better intention than execution as Olga. The scenery and stage management are very effective; one scene, in which the grey figures of the Cossack guard are seen through a snow-laden air is especially picturesque. The idea of a theatre where good plays can be heard at moderate prices is an excellent one; but to carry it out properly it will be necessary to find far better-written plays than *Russia*.

There are two plays, neither of which possesses any particular merit, going on at the Strand which serve to bring forward an actor who is, as far as we know, new to London, and who seems to possess

unusual comic power. Mr. W. S. Penley's performance of Alexander Pumbleton in *Family Ties*—a piece in which the author, Mr. Burnand, is not in his happiest vein—is almost appalling in the truth with which it gives the vulgar nature of the man, and is yet supremely comic. In the same piece M. Marius gives a very clever sketch of an Anglicized Frenchman, the Baron de Karadec. In the burlesque which follows, and which is more inane even than the usual run of burlesques, both M. Marius and Mr. Penley display much comic invention.

In the current number of the *Contemporary Review* there is an article, the second of a series called "Signs of the Times," entitled "Fashionable Farces." The writer seems throughout to assume a position of superior wisdom, which one would be the less unwilling to grant to him if he had not in every page displayed his ignorance of the subject upon which he professes to lecture the world. He begins with what is clearly intended for a bitterly satirical attack upon the supervision of plays by a licenser. "It is well known," he writes in a passage the good taste of which is paralleled by its lightness of touch, "that the Lord Chamberlain is virtuous; so must be the literary expert who tells him what is and what is not to receive a licence. The last holder of the licensing office carried his supervision not merely to the extent of preventing the importation of questionable pieces from France, and of forbidding the performance of home-bred political satires; he went much further, and objected strenuously to such lines as 'O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? And shall I couple hell?'" Surprise at the absolute incorrectness of this statement ceases when a little further on we come to this passage:—"The late licenser having died, there was considerable competition for his place." We are happy to assure the writer of this curious article that he is as wide of the truth in saying that Mr. Pigott's predecessor has died as in his remarks upon his discharge of the licenser's duties. A little further on we hear that "there is hope in the advent of a Jefferson or a Febvre." It would be impossible to couple two actors more unlike than these two, and M. Febvre, carefully and cleverly as he performs every part entrusted to him, is one of the last actors whom a writer of any knowledge would select as a representative of the French school. But it is when we come to what is meant for the pith of the article that the grossest blunders, both of fact and apprehension, are discovered. The writer describes the admirable assumption of a harmless boyish levity by Mme. Chaumont in *Toto chez Tata* as "unmentionable business and indescribable *double entendre*." He who writes of French plays with an air of wisdom should at least know that there is not, and could not possibly be, any such phrase as "double entendre," in the French language, and he might have discovered that another piece in which Mme. Chaumont performed was not called *Un Wagon*. There is a French piece called *En Wagon*, but the play to which the writer means to refer is called *Le Wagon des Dames*. Of the rest of the article it is enough to say that, with a heavy imitation of wit, it tries to point a moral, after the fashion of those very French authors whom the writer decries, by discovering corruption where none exists, and lavishing abuse upon it in words not generally met with in a magazine. While upon this subject, we may call attention to the regulations upon theatrical matters lately issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, which have by some people been regarded as a novelty. As a matter of fact, there is nothing new in them; and it is only unfortunate that the arrangements for enforcing them are not better managed. We need not again point out what we have often called attention to before, the desirableness of having a Licenser of Plays. But the Licenser of Plays cannot be in every theatre at once on every evening; nor, indeed, should he have anything to do beyond dealing with the manuscripts submitted to him. The supervision of the actual performance on the stage, and the enforcement of the Lord Chamberlain's regulations as to the front of the house, should be entrusted either to a staff of subordinate officials or to the police.

REVIEWS.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH ASIA MINOR.*

CAPTAIN BURNABY has used another six months of military leave to instruct and amuse his numerous readers. This time it is Asia Minor that he has explored, and it is a ride from Scutari to Lake Van that he describes. His selection was a wise and a fortunate one. Of no part of the world as to which they may reasonably wish to know something are Englishmen more totally ignorant than of Asia Minor. Probably no Englishman has for many years been over the route followed by Captain Burnaby, and certainly no one has described it. In a vague way we know something of Scutari and something of Erzeroum, but of the vast tract that lies between we know nothing. And yet this region has an interest for us in two ways. It may any day be the scene of a military contest the object and possible result of which would be to take Constantinople in the rear and to deprive it of its resources. And in Asia the Turk is at home. There his government is seen with all its merits and demerits, and he is not

* *On Horseback through Asia Minor*. By Captain Fred Burnaby, Author of "A Ride to Khiva." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

a mere conqueror quartered amidst a discontented and agitated population. To explore the home of the Turk was therefore a task well worth performing, and few persons could be better qualified to explore it than Captain Burnaby. Having purchased horses and engaged a Turkish servant named Osman at Constantinople, he disembarked at Scutari, and set off on his expedition. He went by a succession of places little known to fame—Ismid, Angora, Tokat, Sivas, and Divriki to Erzeroum; thence by Bayazid and Khoi to Van; and thence by Kars to Batoum. Thus he went far, for he traversed all Asia Minor from west to east; he saw all the places of military importance; and had an excellent opportunity of gaining as much knowledge of the country as can be gained in a hurried ride by a traveller who seldom loses a moment, who is constantly striving to gain information, who is welcomed by the chief persons at every place where he stops, and who constantly feels the stimulating impulse of a very strong political preference. Captain Burnaby was very decided in his dislike of the Russians and his sympathy with the Turks; and, if this detracts from his impartiality, it enabled him to learn more from the Turks than if he had affected the part of a stern neutral. From the first page to the last the reader is reminded that he is reading the book of a writer with strong likes and dislikes; and, although the opinions of a cooler judge might be more valuable, yet a cooler judge might have had less to tell, and would in all probability have never taken the trouble to ride from Scutari to Bayazid, and visit the Turks in the home of their unconquered rule.

Captain Burnaby, however, has not very much to tell his readers. The country through which he passed is unknown, but there was little to say of it. The Turks in their true home are the subjects of legitimate curiosity; but there is nothing very marvellous in their works and ways. The journey was not without such difficulties as all travellers encounter in a wild country. Horses fell lame or had sore backs. Servants cheated and were troublesome, gave too much for a chicken, or quarrelled with each other. The Turks had not much to say, except that they thought war was inevitable and were willing to fight. There is not much society in a Turkish town; and if Captain Burnaby came by chance across any of the ordinary occupants of a harem, he has to make the most of the little he saw in order to describe Turkish women at all. He makes two volumes where his matter might easily be got into one; and he could not anyhow have filled two volumes unless he had described minutely and repeatedly how very much the fleas worried him and how lazy or untrustworthy he found his native servants. It is, therefore, much to his credit that his writing is always readable. We may be surprised that he takes two volumes for his description of an uneventful journey, but it cannot be said that his two volumes are ever dull. Those who think it worth while to observe how this happy effect is produced may discover that the author has one art of style in a very unusual degree of perfection. Captain Burnaby never dwells too long on one subject. If he relates what he said and what was said to him, he always closes the dialogue when its interest is exhausted, and turns off to something else. The consequence is that even the commonest Pasha is made to compress his sentiments into two or three short and effective sentences. The art of telling enough of a conversation to interest, and not enough to weary, is one which is as rare as it seems simple. In the same way, small as is much of the subject-matter of the book, it is always varied by rapid changes. The horses kick, the fleas bite, the servants quarrel very often, but not for long at a time. The more substantial merits of the work, the traces it bears of a keen interest in men and things beyond the reach of civilization, the resolution, firmness, and adroitness which it indicates in the traveller himself, the light it throws on Turkey and the Turks, are incontestable, and would remain the same whatever had been the form the work assumed. It is only a matter of literary curiosity to inquire why a work that might easily have been written in one volume is not wearisome although it has been written in two.

If we ask what are the main things we learn from Captain Burnaby about Asia Minor, the general answer is that we find the state of matters there to be very much what we might have expected. The vast resources of the country are almost entirely neglected. There are mines and no one works them; there are soils where almost every product wanted by civilized man might be grown in abundance, but no one cultivates them. There are no means of communication between place and place. The taxation is very heavy; the courts of law are, if not closed to the Christians, yet of little protection to them; the Government does little or nothing for the people, and what can be squeezed out of the provinces is sent to Constantinople. But the Government is not wantonly and oppressively tyrannical. As no converts are ever made from Mahomedanism, the Turks are tolerant, and view with contemptuous pity the rivalries of Christian sects. The Armenians are, in Captain Burnaby's opinion—and his opinion has the warrant of excessive probability—a mean lot; disgustingly dirty, rapacious, and lying. On the whole, they and the Turks get on fairly well together, and there would be little discontent if it were not for the interference of Russian agents. Those Armenians who live near enough to the Russians to know something about them dislike and dread them; but those who are far off regard them in the hopeful light of possible deliverers. Turks and Christians alike complain of the frequent changes of governors. Occasionally a Pasha arrives who has the interests of his province at heart, but his tenure of office is so short that he is away before his improvements have had time to take root. On the whole, however, things have improved somehow in Asia Minor within the last twenty

years, and the rule of the Turk has become sensibly milder. Turkish officials have even been known to go so far as to protect Christians from the insults of Turkish boys. When in one place Captain Burnaby asked whether impalements were still practised, he was told that the custom had long fallen into disuse, and there was only a dim tradition that eighteen years before a robber had been impaled. In many places Captain Burnaby found the Armenians and Turks living together on very good terms, and although in each place the Armenians told him that at his next stage he would find a very different state of things, he always found his discovery postponed one stage further. On some occasions he was able to follow up stories of wrong done to Christians, and to reduce almost to nothing pompous tales of what Mahomedans had made Christians endure. Altogether, the Turk at home seems to be a despot with several good qualities, hushing provinces into a lingering death, but with some rude notions of mercy and justice, suffering under the rule of Constantinople almost as much as the subject race suffers, placidly accepting as an historical fact the former prosperity and wealth of Asia Minor without a wish to restore what has gone by, and without ambition or hope for the future.

On one point, however, Captain Burnaby has something to tell which is really new, or which at any rate might have seemed new if we had not witnessed the prodigious efforts which Turkey has made during the present campaigns in Asia and Europe. No one, after reading these volumes, can doubt the enthusiasm and resolution with which the Turkish race generally entered into the war. At a village called Nalihan Captain Burnaby had a conversation with a group of Turks, among whom was an Imaum, who was eighty years old, and who informed him that, if there was a war, he would go, and all the Imaums would go; that they would fight by the side of their countrymen, and would kill all the Muscovites. At another village called Daili, he came across some Turkomans whose spokesman informed Captain Burnaby that, from the Tear upon his throne to the soldiers who do his bidding, all Russians are assassins, and that the only thing was to treat Russia as a wasps' nest—smoke it, and destroy the young ones. "We must kill them all." At Tokat the Caimacan told him that the men leaving the next day for the army were without pay, but that they marched cheerfully, and that, if Russia did not destroy Turkey, Turkey must destroy Russia; and he added that he personally was prepared to sell his watch and everything he had in the world to raise funds for the war. At the barracks Captain Burnaby found thirty or forty men in the deepest despair. He asked whether they were afraid of being killed, and they replied that the major could not take them, his battalion being complete, and that their hearts were full of sorrow at being left behind. In one district, it is true, Captain Burnaby was informed that the redifs came in very slowly, and that the police were fully occupied in overcoming their reluctance. Some Turks, too, viewed the war as a very serious matter, and owned that it would go hard with the Sultan unless he had allies; and they were sufficiently foresighted to view it as a struggle as to which Power could find for the longest time the money for rifles and cartridges. But, as a rule, the Turks seemed to have looked on it as a life-and-death struggle, which they would be sorry to see postponed. They were not fighting, according to their own views, for empire, nor altogether for religion, but for their lives and their fortunes. They would be content to live at peace, but Russia was always menacing them, and what she meant by her menaces was their death or total ruin. On the other hand, they were not all despondent. Allah was on their side, and with such assistance they must win. And if they did win, some of them had very magnificent dreams as to what they would do. At a place called Kemach, the Governor informed Captain Burnaby that, if the Turks beat Russia, they ought to cripple her. "We must take back the districts she has conquered in Central Asia. We ought to free the Poles in Poland, and give Germany the Baltic provinces." One Pasha had perhaps gone even beyond this Governor, for he had thought out for himself a brilliant scheme by which the Turks and Russians after a few preliminary skirmishes should shake hands, march together, and crush Europe under their feet.

Captain Burnaby constantly occupied himself with the military questions which his travels suggested. He gives in an appendix a very elaborate statement as to the routes which traverse Asia Minor, the directions in which they run, and the facilities they offer to an army, as well as extracts from standard works as to the military importance of Syria and the defences of Constantinople. Of places so well known as Erzeroum, Kars, and Batoum he has much to tell us. Erzeroum, he says, lies at one end of a large plain, and is surrounded on all sides but the north by hills. When he was there in the early part of this year, a few detached forts had been thrown up on the heights, and the town was encircled by an entrenchment of loose earth, this defence being in no place more than three-quarters of a mile from the city. The fortifications consisted of nineteen small forts, those on the Kars side being on an average 3,000 yards from the town, but those in the direction of Ardahan only 1,000. Two water channels lead from a mountain on the south into Erzeroum, and if an enemy once had possession of this eminence, he would be able to cut off the water supply, there being but few wells in the city. Further defences, especially in the passes leading to Erzeroum, were in contemplation, but could not be undertaken until the winter had passed away. As things were when Captain Burnaby was at Erzeroum, it seemed to him that the place could offer no resistance to an enterprising enemy. A million of liras had been spent on its defence, but the money had, in his opinion, been entirely wasted.

Since that date the position has been considerably strengthened, but it can scarcely be supposed that the capture of Erzeroum by a superior force would need anything like a regular siege. Kars is a very different place, and, although Captain Burnaby noticed that many of the redoubts had been much neglected, and that no connecting lines had been made to join the works, he was favourably impressed by its strength and by the appearance of the troops he found there. Previously he had been struck as much by the shortcomings as by the merits of the army, and had noticed how unfit the soldiers from Bagdad were to stand an Armenian winter, how rapidly they fired away their ammunition, and how grievously short they were of cavalry. The great drawback to the efficiency of Kars was the sanitary state of the place. The troops were allowed to defoul the streets as they pleased, and their chief was of opinion that it was their business to fight and not to act as scavengers, and was willing to leave it entirely to Allah to decide whether there should be cholera and typhus or not. Very different is the account given of Batoum, where the sanitary arrangements left very little to be desired, where everything was clean and orderly, and "an air of smartness prevailed among the soldiers refreshing to witness after what had been seen elsewhere." Captain Burnaby did not think that either Ardahan or Bayazid could hold out long, and subsequent events have in some measure justified his opinion. Bayazid is one of the places on the military importance of which Captain Burnaby is most emphatic, as it commands an entrance into both Syria and Persia. He attaches almost equal importance to the position of Sivas. This is a town about half-way between Angora and Erzeroum. At present the Turks have no stronghold between Erzeroum and Scutari. It has been seen repeatedly in the war how strong the Turks can make a position without previous preparations; but still it shows a considerable want of foresight that they have for a distance of many hundred miles no place that in itself can detain an invader. Sivas, as Captain Burnaby thinks, offered them a position of which they ought to have taken advantage; but, whatever may be the capacities of the place, they have been entirely neglected.

A great part of Captain Burnaby's book is taken up with matter which, strictly speaking, has nothing to do with his subject. He very honestly and very earnestly hates Russia and the Russian Government, and he is continually giving vent to his feelings and recurring to points which he thinks tell against his enemy. We have in the appendix such titles as *The Floggers of Women*, *Christianity as understood in Russia*, and *Russian Civilization*. Captain Burnaby was always on the look-out for any expressions of hatred to Russia with which his Turkish friends were inclined to favour him, and he accepted with cheerful alacrity any statement damaging to Russia that was made to him. It is no use examining these statements, for no authority attaches to them. A man who rides through Asia Minor can no more judge of the truth of what is stated as to the conduct of the Russians in Poland or Circassia than if he stayed at home. For evidence, in any strict sense of the word, Captain Burnaby had no appreciation. He was constantly busying himself, for example, with efforts to disprove Mr. MacColl's famous impalement story, and he thought it tended to disprove it when he discovered that impalement was not an ordinary practice in quiet Anatolian towns. He offers a story of some blood-stained placards set up under the eyeless heads of Circassians by the Russians, and he offers it on the authority of a gentleman in Hampshire. A controversy has sprung up on this subject into which we have no desire to enter. The whole subject is out of the range of inquirers into evidence. We are simply asked to take the word of an English gentleman, or to leave the matter alone and go about our business. Any argument as to the authenticity of Captain Burnaby's statements seems out of place if we regard the book simply as what it really is—a record of a ride through a country where there were no Russians. It is only as regards Captain Burnaby himself that his views about Russia interest us. Their value is a subjective one. It is evident that his strong feeling against Russia was one of the chief impelling forces which made him go through the fatigue of riding over hundreds of miles of rough roads and slippery mountains in winter-time in order that he might have something to tell us about Asia Minor. What he tells us as to what he himself did and saw and heard is the substance of the book—the declamations against Russia are only the fringe; and, if the fringe cannot be said to have much intrinsic value, the substance of the book is good enough to make the reader sincerely grateful to the author.

BARROWS, AND BONE-CAVES OF DERBYSHIRE.*

THE exploration of ancient graves, whether they are called barrows or tumuli, whether they exist at Mycenæ or in Derbyshire, is a pastime not altogether grateful to a refined taste. The charms of knowledge on one side have to be set against something rather like sacrilege on the other. The knowledge is often but opinion at best, and the discovery either of Dr. Schliemann's Agamemnon, or of Mr. Rooke Pennington's young chief as described in the work before us, leads to scientific disputes not unlike that which broke up the society "upon the Stanislaw." Many incidental remarks in Mr. Pennington's *Notes on the Barrows and Bone-Caves of Derbyshire* give the impression that the local antiquaries only stop short at hurling blocks of old red sandstone at

each other. A war rages over the dead body of a nameless prince, or perhaps hind, as fierce as any real combat that may have been carried on for the possession of his arms. Thus, between the unpleasantness of breaking in on the sacred repose of the dead, and the certainty of a feud to follow, a man who likes a peaceful life may prefer the distractions of bottom-fishing to those of barrow-digging. Mr. Pennington says there is a strong analogy between the two recreations. "There is plenty of fun and excitement when you are fairly in for a good thing, when every moment something is turned up, and you bless the generous mourners who have left so much for you to rejoice over." Mr. Pennington writes rather in the style of a festive and scientific ghoul. But what is done is done; we cannot replace the bodies which he snatched in their desecrated graves, and we may as well console ourselves with what Mr. Pennington has learned about the manners and customs of the early inhabitants of this island.

The Notes are written without much scientific display or method, in an easy colloquial style. Mr. Pennington has a keen eye for scenery and for the lie of the land, and with a few broad touches brings the country in which he has explored before the reader's fancy. It may be well to quote the general description of the district in which the tumuli are found, before saying anything about the contents of the barrows:—

Castleton stands in a romantic country, combining two sorts of scenery and two dissimilar geological formations. To the south stretches a vast undulating elevated tract of mountain limestone rocks, here and there cut by streams into gorges of great beauty. To the east, west, and north there lie still higher ranges of hills, composed of millstone grit, and Yoredale shales and sandstone. Between these hills are valleys, also the result of river action on softer rocks, wider than the limestone glens, but affording charming glimpses of wood and water amidst moorland and crag. Their geological difference has a bearing on our subject, for, as will be seen, the varying preservation of remains is due to it. The tumuli which dot the uplands to which I have referred in the introduction are of two sorts. Both are usually heaps of stone and turf built up in a fashion I shall describe, but some of them are of a peculiar oblong shape; by far the greater number, however, are round heaps, like a basin or a saucer turned upside down; and unless I state to the contrary, it will be understood that those whose contents I describe are of this sort.

The tumuli themselves are "big circular mounds," perhaps fifty feet in diameter and five feet high in the centre. Their contents are all the evidence that we have as to the beliefs, practices, and social existence, not of the lowest savages who ever tenanted these islands, but of men in the Neolithic or polished stone and Bronze periods of culture. In the first barrow described by Mr. Pennington, the earliest find was a stone cist, made of six rough slabs, four for the sides, and two for top and bottom. The remains in the cist showed that the people who made it had taken the first essential step in civilization. They had invented pottery. The wheel they did not yet know, and the ornaments were simply scratches with the finger-nails, or with a sharp stick. Mr. Milne lately found examples of similar ware in exploring Carnac, in Brittany, and he mentions that he has seen pots made in this primitive style by a woman in the Hebrides. Thus a trace of the artistic condition of the Neolithic age still lives on, in company with a few popular tales and some superstitions, in Uist and Barra. The Hebridean woman probably inherited the savage knack of decorating coarse clay pipkins from some remote ancestress who lived in times when the women were the potters of the tribe. To return to the cist, which held the bones of an old man as well as fragments of pottery, but was not the central object in the cairn. In the very middle was found in a shallow grave the skeleton of a young man, buried in that crouching position which living savages and idiots adopt for the sake of warmth. Large pieces of limestone were piled around, and there were many bones of the short-horned ox, the boar, and the horse. From the honour given to a mere lad who could scarcely have won great personal renown, we are to conclude that the tribe had passed out of the political condition of Eskimos and Fuegians into that of Maoris. They had arrived at notions of rank and of hereditary dignity, or they would scarcely have piled a great mound over a mere boy. The bones of animals must have been, Mr. Pennington thinks, the remains of the funeral feast. They prove at least that the men of that time had one of the first necessities of nascent civilization—namely, domestic animals. The culture of very large portions of the race has been hopelessly stunted for want of the very beasts which the natives of these islands possessed before they learned the use of iron. Thus we can hardly expect great progress from islands like New Zealand and New Caledonia, where rats, lizards, and such small deer are actually worshipped, for lack of bigger animals. Even when men have triumphed over the difficulties caused by the absence of domestic beasts of burden—as in Peru, where the llama was the most serviceable animal of the kind—it has been at the cost of the degradation of human beings, who were compelled to do the work of mules and horses. The makers of neolithic, and later of bronze, tools in these islands were favoured with a better starting-point. They were not, however, at the time when the barrow we are studying was built, very ardent or generous believers in the future life and in the physical needs of the soul. They did not fill the tomb, in Homeric phrase, with all manner of treasures. Only an awl made of stag-horn and a jet ornament were found in the barrow to represent the personal property which the dead man was to enjoy in the world of spirits. This contrasts badly with the lavishness of Greeks and Eastern peoples, who have made the tombs of Cyprus and of the Asiatic coast perfect treasure-houses of gold ornaments. Possibly some pre-historic "barrow-wight," as Mr. Morris would say, robbed the Derbyshire grave for his own private pur-

* *Notes on the Barrows and Bone-Caves of Derbyshire.* By Rooke Pennington, B.A., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

poses before Mr. Pennington desecrated it for scientific reasons. If a modern archaeologist were to discover and disturb the grave of Karr the Old in Haramsey, he would find it empty, because, as legend says, an Icelandic hero removed the arms and treasure after the introduction of Christianity. When awls of stag-horn and arrow-heads of polished flint were valued articles of daily use some sacrilegious tribesman may have plundered the barrow of his chief. In other tombs where scarcely any relics were found the dampness of the soil may account, as Mr. Pennington says, for the decay of various articles.

A very good barrow lately existed on Abney Moor; "a grey-and-brown old tumulus, with its rude columns of stone, standing sentinel round the ashes of the buried warrior or priest amidst the utter loneliness of the uplifted plain." This mound contained, not a buried skeleton, but the burned ashes of a human being. There was some pottery, and a few amber beads spoke of commerce. Pit dwellings lie all around, holes where once a hut had been burrowed out of the earth. The centre barrow "has been destroyed to make a wall." It would be interesting to have statistics of the exact number of ancient remains which are yearly ruined by the dull greed of farmers and the ignorant carelessness of landlords. When trade has defiled every river and turned every lake into a tank, when agriculture has converted every barrow into a stone wall, and when villa residences are built on every ancient camp, our not remote descendants will scarcely have reason to bless our utilitarian age. Perhaps the kind of science which is mixed up with ladies and luncheon, "meat pies and bottled beer," "clerical acquaintances," and the rest, is not very much more respectable than the mere brutality of stupid destruction. "Angels' visits are few and far between," says Mr. Pennington, speaking of the lady members of the Manchester Field Naturalists' and Archaeologists' Society. The "angels" in question were "not to be deterred from their purpose of disturbing the bones of some warrior who lived before Agamemnon." One is reminded of Amina in the *Arabian Nights*, and it is to be wished that the angels' visits took place seldom or never.

Mr. Pennington has but a poor opinion of the morals of the warriors who need not, after all, have lived before Agamemnon. He thinks that they practised infanticide, and indeed, if they did not, they must have been very peculiar savages. But the mere discovery of "a youthful skeleton at the foot of an elder one" (p. 39) does not necessarily suggest the practice. In days of pestilence, all or most of the members of a family might die at about the same time, and be buried in the same place. "In many places the bones of the children are not those of infants, but of girls or boys of from four to ten years of age." Now by infanticide one understands the practice well illustrated in *Polynesian Researches*, the custom of killing children immediately after their birth. The sacrifice of older children, as of Jephtha's daughter or Iphigenia, is another thing. The custom of slaying the children over the pyre of the parents is, to the best of our information, very rare indeed. It would therefore perhaps be better to account for the bones of young people found beside those of their elders by supposing that they died a natural death, or, at worst, were captives slain to honour the dead, like the Trojan youths sacrificed at the funeral of Patroclus.

Mr. Pennington's researches have thrown no light on the question of the introduction of bronze into this country. "From the ordinary Derbyshire barrows no separation of Bronze age from Neolithic age could ever be satisfactorily established." They overlap and melt into each other in a way which suggests that bronze weapons came in gradually, through commerce, as breech-loading rifles succeed matchlock and flintlock in Turkey. There is a much wider gulf between the people of the rough stone tools and the people of the polished flint. They lived almost in different worlds. The Neolithic man had all the essentials of civilization in germ, except, perhaps, notions of husbandry. His cattle were not unlike ours; he was a weaver and a potter. The earlier stone folk existed in a stranger time, among animals now extinct. Their remains are found in Derbyshire with the vestiges of the bison, the reindeer, the grizzly bear, the machairodont—a creature not unlike the snark—the cave lion, the woolly rhinoceros, in dens like the Robin Hood cave:—

Amid all was one creature more powerful than all, who was to conquer all and to outlast all—man. Whence he came we do not know, but that he was there we know certainly. And we know with tolerable certainty something of his social surroundings. He was ignorant of metal; no trace of any instrument of iron or bronze has ever been discovered. His only weapons were of stone or bone, and were of the rudest description. No trace of any domestic animals exists: the short-horned ox, the sheep, the goat, the domestic pig, and the dog are entirely absent. And the bones of the wonderful Pleistocene animals have been split by him to extract the marrow, and used by him as the material of the lance-point and the needle. Herein lies the great distinction between Palæolithic and Neolithic man. The former is a savage armed with stone amidst an extinct and departed fauna; the latter is a savage armed with stone amidst cattle and sheep and swine, which we have inherited, and which flourish in our day.

Pleistocene man, in Derbyshire as in Aquitaine, was a poor artisan, but a spirited artist. Most of us know from engravings the lively sketches of animals, much in the Eskimo style, which have been found in caves in the South of France. The Derbyshire tribes were almost as clever draughtsmen. "The implements . . . included a sketch of a horse on a piece of flat bone. An unmistakable Pleistocene horse, a horse with a longish neck and a heavy donkey-like head; a horse which the French cave-men have sketched more than once with their usual fidelity."

From the testimony of the caves, "Pleistocene man" seems to have been rather a better sort of fellow than "Neolithic man"; Mr. Pennington has less to say about his cannibalism, sutteeism, and infanticide. If he was really the near cousin of the Eskimos, he may have shared their good temper, their free existence, and their simple communism, as well as the artistic gift of these "blameless Hyperboreans." It is much more pleasant to follow Mr. Pennington into caves than to be art and part with him in the desecration of prehistoric cemeteries. He thinks that "cave-diggers seem naturally to be inclined to that state of nature in which cave-dwellers existed." A rather advanced writer has said that the morality of cave-men was probably much like that of cave-bears. If both propositions are true, young savants are in a bad way. But Mr. Pennington's lively and natural style, and love of the wild hill country, make the reader think better of his favourite study, and even incline him not to ask too strictly the question we would put to Dr. Schliemann—what has become of the dead bodies?

SERVETUS AND CALVIN.*

DR. WILLIS has done well in setting before the world all that can probably now be known of a history which derives its interest less from Servetus himself than from the men with whom he was brought into contact. In England especially there was need not only of a full narrative of the facts as they occurred, but of the documentary evidence without which some of these facts could not be interpreted. The knowledge of English readers is confined for the most part to a general notion that Calvin had Servetus burnt—a notion which certainly implies that Calvin's share in the matter was not to his credit, and which has called forth some apologies and excuses from the admirers or defenders of the autocratic reformer of Geneva. To some these apologies may have seemed by no means wholly satisfactory; but, if they knew not much of Calvin, they knew still less of Servetus, and, having no means of learning more, they turned from the subject with indifference. Yet the life and the character of Servetus are well worth patient study, in spite of the less attractive qualities which brought upon him the extreme dislike of those with whom he measured his strength in the field of philosophy or religion. These qualities were, indeed, prominent enough. Learned, painstaking, unwearied in research, Servetus was as vehement in the assertion of his conclusions as he was independent in his method of reaching them. The controversies of the age were seldom softened by the amenities of language; and Servetus, standing generally on ground where none cared to associate themselves with him, was as bitter as any in the use of epithets which charged his opponents with wilful perversity and measureless ignorance. With a knowledge of anatomy and physiology which enabled him to anticipate some at least of the discoveries of Harvey, and which gave him a right to a share in Harvey's fame, he exhibited in other respects a credulity scarcely inferior to that of the most credulous of his time, and made no small profit by the practice of astrology. When to this we add that the mystical element was strong in the man, and that he enforced his mysticism with a pertinacity equal to the thoroughness with which he rejected and derided the mysticism of others, we can readily understand the repulsion which his mode of disputation would cause in the minds even of the less bigoted reformers of the day. Having at first felt some liking for him, Ecclampadius soon waxed wroth at the "haughty, daring, and contentious" stranger, while the comparatively gentle Zwingli and Melancthon were gradually alienated from the "troublesome" Spaniard.

The interest of his career has, however, nothing to do with the merits of the controversies to which he turned, with the attraction of a moth for the candle, at every leisure moment during a busy life of many years as a physician. Of the angry feelings which "Michel Villeneuve," the trusted friend and companion of the Archbishop of Vienne, had excited, and was still exciting, in the minds of theological opponents at a distance, the inhabitants of that city could have not the faintest notion. Still less could they have a suspicion that the dislike thus roused had, in one mind at least, taken the form of an abiding personal hatred which was destined in the end to bring about a great disaster, and which in the meantime was content to keep a watchful eye on the victim to be drawn ultimately within the toils. That there was any such watchfulness, and any such plotting, is perhaps the only fact of cardinal importance in Dr. Willis's history; but this fact, if it can be established, throws a terrible light on the character, not of Servetus, but of the man who brought him to his doom. If it be true that, while Servetus was living quietly at Vienne, valued by the Archbishop for his learning and his moral worth, and beloved by people generally as one who never spared himself in a profession which enabled him to do many a work of real mercy, Calvin could by forged letters stir up against him a storm of theological fury, merely because this mystical enthusiast sent him the manuscript of a work which he chose to denounce as heretical, we can arrive but at one conclusion; and this conclusion is, that Calvin could deliberately nurse a feeling of murderous hatred and satiate it by means of a cowardly and malignant treachery. Accordingly it is on this question alone that Dr. Willis's readers will for the most part fix their minds; and unless the evidence here adduced can be

* *Servetus and Calvin*. By R. Willis, M.D. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

rebutted, the result must be the condemnation of the despotic Frenchman who ruled the Genevese with a rod of iron.

Servetus and Calvin were both men of not much more than twenty years of age when they were thrown together in Paris. Calvin had already won for himself a considerable reputation, and Servetus, longing to take his place likewise amongst the band of reformers, could not forego the opportunity of trying to win him over to his own conceptions of the nature and origin of Christianity. The effort failed, and Servetus challenged Calvin to a public disputation. But if this step involved some danger even for the latter, it was one of little less than madness for the former. With the sound sense and discretion which tempered his fiery enthusiasm, Servetus soon found this out, and his failure to keep his engagement drew from his opponent the reproach, "Vous avez fuy la luite." Fourteen years now passed away, and during the interval Calvin became acquainted with the *De Erroribus Trinitatis*, a book bearing the name of Michael Servetus, and printed at Hagenau, in Elsass, in the year 1531. So strongly was that volume marked by the peculiarities of thought and expression which characterized his late antagonist, that Calvin had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that Michael Servetus and Michel Villeneuve or Michael Villanovanus, of the University of Paris, were one and the same person. The discovery added strength to the unfriendly feelings which their personal intercourse had excited; and these feelings were awakened afresh when he found himself placed by Frélon, the publisher of Lyons, in communication with this same Michel Villeneuve. Theological controversy had, in fact, for Servetus a fascination which he found it impossible to resist; and, working on the foundation that the human mind had absolute freedom, so long only as the Bible was allowed to be all literally true, he could not comprehend how anybody who started with the same premises could possibly resist his arguments. Like Socrates, he had a divine mission to teach the truth, and how great a work would he have done if he could but make Calvin his convert! He was making a fatal mistake. Each letter that he sent to Calvin, who was in full sway at Geneva, was only heaping fuel on the flame; until at last Calvin wrote to his friend Farel, complaining of the ravings of the Spaniard, and adding:—"He offers to come hither, if I approve; but I will not pledge my faith to him; for did he come, if I have any authority here, I should never suffer him to go away alive." The genuineness of this letter is a question on which it is not worth while to waste words; it is established beyond dispute. But the point is, that Calvin owns himself free to put to death, if he could only catch him, a man over whom the city of Geneva had and could have no jurisdiction, and whose books, erroneous though they might be, had not been published within its bounds. Nor was this all. Calvin complains further that Servetus had sent him a manuscript volume full of his ravings; and although Servetus repeatedly requested to have the MS. returned, no notice was taken of his demand, and the book was never restored. It was, however, forthcoming as soon as the victim was caught.

For a man like Servetus long abstinence from theological discussion was an impossibility; and in 1553 Calvin, to his amazement, received an anonymous volume, entitled *Christianismi Restitutio*, displaying at the end the initials M.S.V., which to Calvin at once betrayed the authorship of Michael Servetus Villanovanus. The matter now seemed to be ripe for his interference, and Calvin set about the work with cool deliberation. There was at this time at Geneva a Frenchman named Guillaume Trie who, having adopted anti-Roman views, had made his escape from Lyons, but was still taunted by some of his kinsfolk for his apostasy. Here, then, was the opportunity. Trie must write to his friends and show them that worse heresy was incubated on the banks of the Rhone than ever was hatched on the shores of Leman; and the fashion after which Trie writes is this:—

As to what you say about there being so much more of freedom, or latitude of opinion, with us here than with you, still we should never suffer the name of God to be blasphemed, nor evil doctrines and opinions to be spread abroad among us, without let or hindrance. And I can give you an instance which, I must say, I think tends to your confusion. It is this—that a certain heretic is countenanced among you who ought to be burned alive, wherever he might be found. And when I say a heretic, I refer to a man who deserves to be summarily condemned by the Papists as he is by us. . . . There is one living among you who would destroy the foundations of the faith, who condemns the baptism of little children, and calls the rite a diabolical invention. Where, I pray you, is the zeal to which you make a pretence? Where are your guardians, and that fine hierarchy of which you boast so much? The man I refer to has been condemned in all the churches you hold in such dislike, but is suffered to live unmolested among you, to the extent of even being permitted to print books full of such blasphemies as I must not speak of further. He is a Spanish-Portuguese, Michael Servetus by name, though he now calls himself Villeneuve and practises as a physician. He lived for some time at Lyons, and now resides at Vienne, where the book I speak of was printed by one Balthazar Arnoullet. That you may not think I speak of mere hearsay, I send you the first few leaves as a sample, for your assurance.

Beyond doubt, this is not a genuine letter from Trie to his kinsman. The writer altogether overshoots his mark. He is quite well aware that the book was anonymous, that no licence had been obtained for printing it, and that it was not intended for circulation in France. Clearly, then, the ecclesiastical authorities of Lyons or of Vienne could undergo no imputation of heterodoxy for allowing certain practices of authors, printers, and publishers of which they had never heard. The most abominable conspiracy may be formed and carried on in a country where the knowledge of it would excite the greatest horror; but here Calvin is making out that the mere existence of the conspiracy, apart from the discovery of it, reflects

on the orthodoxy and good faith of the rulers. The whole thing is absurd. Trie could know nothing of the business. The letter clearly came from the only man to whom the whole circumstances of the case were known, and who wished to bring the writer of the book to his death, the mode of execution by fire being even pointed out; and this man was Calvin. What could Trie, a refugee from Lyons, know of the physician Villeneuve living at Vienne? Still more, how could he know that Villeneuve was Michael Servetus, a native of Spain, and that he was the author of a work on the errors involved in the doctrine of the Trinity? How, again, was Trie to get a copy of the work, and how could he be supposed able to annotate it so as to draw the attention of Cardinal Tournon, Archbishop of Lyons, and his coadjutor, the Inquisitor-General, Matthew Ory, to those points which would be most likely to excite not only their wrath, but their fears?

Calvin's train was well laid. The Cardinal at once summoned Ory to his aid, and Ory dictated a letter which Trie's kinsman was to send to Trie at Geneva. In due time came the reply of Calvin, writing, as before, under Trie's name. Having carried matters thus far, Calvin was anxious to guard against the personal obloquy which he might incur if his share in it became known; but he overdid his part. His zeal to secure the condemnation of Servetus led him to put into the mouth of Trie the following words:—

If your people are really so anxious to look into the matter as you say, there will be no difficulty in furnishing you, besides the printed book you ask for, with documents enough to carry conviction to their minds. For I shall put into your hands some two dozen pieces written by him who is in question, in which some of his heresies are prominently set forth. Did you rely on the printed book by itself, he might deny it as his; but this he could not do if his own handwriting were brought against him. All the pieces I now send you . . . were produced before the printed work; but I have to own to you that I had great difficulty in getting these documents from M. Calvin. Not that he would not have such execrable blasphemies put down, but that, as he does not wield the sword of justice himself, he thinks it his duty rather to repress heresy by sound teaching than to pursue it by force. I importuned him, however, so much, showing him the reproaches I might incur did he not come to my aid, that he consented at length to entrust me with the contents of my parcel to you. For the rest, I hope, when the case shall have been somewhat further advanced, to obtain from him something like a whole ream of paper which the fine fellow (*Le Galand*) has had printed.

Here, again, the real author of the letter is not the obscure Lyonese refugee, but the man who is intimately acquainted with the writings of the Viennese physician, and is further possessed of a collection of letters addressed by that physician in some sort of confidence to himself. Action such as this can only be described as deliberate treachery against a man who had done Calvin no personal wrong, and who had gained the high esteem of his neighbours as a skilful and charitable physician. Even thus it was not easy to get sufficient evidence against Servetus. There must be something like proof of the printing and publication of the book; and here too Calvin was able to supply what was wanted. Frélon, the publisher of Lyons, was his friend. It was Frélon through whose hands had passed the letters addressed by Servetus to Calvin, and who had forwarded to him the copy of the *Christianismi Restitutio*. We are thus able to account fully for the definite information which Trie gave at this time—that two presses had been recently kept at work away from the regular establishment of the printer Arnoullet. The track thus pointed out, the bales containing the copies of the book were in due course found, and Servetus was committed to the archiepiscopal prison at Vienne. But the whole business was, as we may well suppose, altogether distasteful to the Archbishop and his clergy, as well as to others with whom Servetus had lived in unrestrained and intimate intercourse. It was not pleasant to act as executors of the will of the heretic Calvin, even though they might be putting down a worse heretic in Servetus. The evidence against him, moreover, had not been gained in a straightforward and creditable way. In short, he was an inconvenient prisoner, of whom they would gladly be rid. The prison doors were, therefore, virtually left open; and the next thing heard of Servetus was that he had escaped, and could nowhere be found.

The sequel of the story is admirably told by Dr. Willis. When either accident or the strange fascination which impelled Servetus to enter the lists with Calvin had brought him to Geneva, there is nothing to surprise us in his arrest on Calvin's information, or in the fact that the party opposed to Calvin were glad to make use of Servetus as an instrument for securing their own ends. That their intervention made matters worse for the prisoner there can be no doubt; but the points which concern us now are that Calvin, by means of forged letters, broke up the peaceful life of Servetus at Vienne, and that, when he found his old antagonist at Geneva, he pursued him to the death, although the city of Geneva, within which he had committed no offence, had no shadow of jurisdiction in the case. Years before he had told Farel that if he could bring about the death of Servetus he would not fail to do so; and he did not fail. Calvin indeed himself said, "I will not deny that it was at my instance he was arrested, that the prosecutor was set on by me, or that it was by me the articles of inculpation were drawn up." Some effort indeed he made to show that, nevertheless, he did not wish him to be put to death. Unfortunately there is a superabundant mass of evidence to prove that he toiled with unwearied zeal to bring about the catastrophe. It would be no easy task to find an instance of blacker treachery or of grosser malignity; and the deed and the motive reveal the real character

of the theological despot of Geneva. The history of Servetus is one which should not be allowed to be forgotten; and Dr. Willis has done excellent service by the impartial examination to which he has submitted it in these pages.

LATHAM ON EXAMINATIONS.*

(Second Notice.)

WE closed our first notice of Mr. Latham's book *On the Action of Examinations* by referring to the sixth chapter, which is concerned with examinations as a test of knowledge. In the following chapter we are invited to the more business-like consideration of those "Prize Emoluments in Education" which came so prominently before Parliament in two successive Sessions in the form of debates upon "Prize Fellowships." On the general question Mr. Latham is decidedly of opinion that they are a necessity of our social system, while he throws out a suggestion as to the use which may be made of school or University examinations to sift candidates for Government posts. The discussion is continued in a more specific form under the next head of "Examinations for College Fellowships and Scholarships," as to which Mr. Latham puts on one side the chimera that "Prize Fellowships" are evils to be abated. At the same time he points out that Fellowships exist for four ends, which may be more or less incongruous:—(1) "They recompense students; (2) they serve as 'ladders' for poor men to rise by; (3) they serve as part payment of teachers; (4) the Fellows form the governing body of the College." Mr. Latham's suggestion for harmonizing these competing functions is to provide two classes of Fellows; the one, whom he calls "Students," being merely prizemen, and the other the Fellows proper, who shall reside, teach, and govern the Colleges. The theoretic merit of this plan is one thing, and the practical revolution which it would work in all University and Collegiate arrangements is another. Space fails us to discuss it in the latter aspect, and we pass on.

On no point is Mr. Latham more emphatic than he is in the condemnation which in this chapter he pronounces upon the system which Oxford first introduced, and then literally forced Cambridge to take up in self-defence, that of opening College Scholarships to the free competition of actual schoolboys. This practice (which had been previously introduced in only two or three Colleges at Oxford) became customary there under its new system, and in 1860 Cambridge perforce succumbed. "The clever boys were drawn to Oxford in large numbers, and Cambridge was forced to follow in the track." The "price" of a good boy rose from 50*l.* to 120*l.* per annum. "Schoolmasters found that a clever boy was a valuable article, which by proper management might be made to fetch a considerable sum." Mr. Latham quotes a letter to him from a schoolmaster, written about 1858, in which the writer frankly owns that he "cannot afford" to send boys to Cambridge, though he would like to do so. The artificial system thus forced on "leaves," we learn, "to the able being overtaught and the duller neglected." Mr. Latham borrows an analysis of the system contributed by Mr. J. M. Wilson of Rugby to the *Journal of Education* in November 1876, of which the upshot is, "I do not hesitate to say, after a good many years' experience, that the effect of these scholarships on schools is almost unredemably bad," and that it would be "nothing but gain" to schools and higher education "if all the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge announced that in future scholarships would be only awarded to men in actual residence."

In the final chapter on "Marks and Classing," Mr. Latham judiciously points out the undue advantage in respect of style or "serving up" which the youth trained under a smart system has over the competitor, substantially as good, but turned out of an inferior stable. We may note the practical suggestion that out of the maximum of marks put at his disposal the examiner should reserve, say, a quarter for general "impression." Various ingenious puzzles for reaching a scientific nicety are also pointed out, such as the expedient in use in the Indian Civil Service Examinations of deducting a given number from each score, to represent absolute unassimilated cram, as the dregs are strained off wine. "This system," says Mr. Latham, "prevents an undue reward being given to smatterings; but it does not equally well answer the purpose of largely rewarding high excellence"; and he accordingly proposes supplementing it by adding to each score half the excess of the marks above the point of *full half-marks* which any competitor may have succeeded in winning. By this process the marks of every candidate who gets beyond half-way will have been manipulated both by subtraction and by addition; those of the men who fall short of that point only by subtraction.

The most important part of the chapter, however, is the discussion of the comparative advantages of an alphabetical arrangement of each class, as at Oxford, or of one in order of merit, as at Cambridge. The Cambridge plan grew up, as the history of the Mathematical Tripos shows, in an accidental sort of way, and had originally as much reference to University and Collegiate arrangements as to the recognition of superior merit. However, it subsequently got stereotyped as an educational instrument of transcendent power, and one which was easily worked, owing to the greater precision of marking attainable in mathematical examinations than

in those which have classics, history, or moral philosophy for their object. Then the system was further endeared to Cambridge men by the associations and distinctions clinging to the dignity of Senior Wrangler, which became a marked feature in the picturesque ritual of academic life. At Oxford, on the other hand, where class lists are the deliberate invention of this century's civilization, and *litteræ humaniores* their central idea, the alphabetical order was intentionally preferred. As things stand, however, each method of classification is sufficiently old and well rooted to allow of the comparison being made on practical rather than on antiquarian or sentimental considerations; and Mr. Latham gives reasons for preferring that which prevails at his University.

The first observation which occurs is that, as an examination of which the end is "only a few emoluments or places to be given away" generally does some educational harm, a classification by order of merit, which may often stand in lieu of a special examination, is "so far doing a good service to education." This, he thinks, may be negatively proved by the results under the Oxford system of the examinations there required for Fellowships. This defence of the Cambridge plan would of course not be accepted at Trinity, which is so proud—and justly proud—of the great results of its independent system of Fellowship examinations, differing indeed as this does from the Oxford one as being between its own alumni. Mr. Latham, in a passage further on, assigns a reason, which seems to us far more convincing, for preferring the merit arrangement—namely, that the race of mediocre semi-ambitious students have but a feeble incentive to pursue their studies with any spirit so soon as they imagine themselves sure of their class—particularly if that class be not the first, and if, at the same time, they think themselves unable to rise any higher, however hard they may read. The warnings thrown in against young men being "run off their legs" are well timed, and we heartily echo Mr. Latham's wish "to get rid of the specializing in schools, and see young men come up to the Universities fairly educated all round. At present we have a few well-trained candidates for scholarships, and many dunces." However, there seems to be some inconsistency between this statement and the more optimistic one which we find in a preceding page, in regard to the alleged "number of cases in which students suffer from overwork," where we are told that it is the author's belief that, "though a few men are temporarily wearied at the end of term, no serious evil occurs," and that they "understand managing themselves better than they did." At the same time we quite believe with Mr. Latham that it is "not the highest men" who "suffer most from overwork"; while these exceptional readers are the persons of whom we conclude that he was thinking when he spoke thus cheerily. It may also be urged that the first statement refers more to the moral, and the second to the bodily, results of overwork, as to which, however, we must express our conviction that the two results of excess in competitive study are much too closely allied to allow of any stable distinction being drawn. It would also be rather hard to punish a man by knocking him up because he had more industry than genius. But there can be no doubt, as Mr. Latham hints, that the science of educational hygiene is one in which there are still many discoveries to be made of the gravest importance to life, health, and intellect.

A very sensible footnote explains what the Cambridge Long Vacation really is—namely, "the time when the greatest amount of healthy work is done" in the absence of the idlers. A compulsory term substituted for this conventional spell of study would probably only prolong the dissipations of the May term. "At present the backward passmen often go to their old private tutors in the country for the summer (reading parties for such men are not to be recommended), and some of the better sort go and learn French and German on the Continent." It may not be out of the recollection of some persons that in a debate upon the Universities Mr. Gladstone took occasion to criticize the Long Vacation as if it existed in the interests of idleness and self-indulgence. Certainly Oxford does not hitherto seem to have derived the advantage from it which the sister University has known how to gain. But there is no reason why this wise arrangement should continue to be the monopoly of Cambridge. Both Universities equally suffer from the distractions of a May term, and to both the same reparative process is equally open. It is equally undoubted that each of them requires for its teaching and governing class some ample space of time which shall be at their own disposal, as health, pursuits, and conscience dictate, for needful studies and equally needful refreshment. In every respect we deprecate any external interference with the Long Vacation, while commending to Oxford the example which Cambridge sets of an elastic use of the institution.

In illustration of the character given of the boys—or men—now sent up from the public schools, we may recur to the chapter giving the history of the Mathematical Tripos, in which Mr. Latham contrasts the type of senior wrangler shown in the lawyers of a former generation—the Lyndhursts (Copley, by the way, having only been second wrangler to Butler, afterwards schoolmaster, and then Dean of Peterborough), Aldersons, Maules, Pollocks—with that of the more recent recipients of that supreme honour. Modern senior wranglers, he contends, are not inferior to their scientific ancestors, but the career to which the distinction leads them is apt to be technical and educational as it used not to be in those older days. In absolute acquirements of course the modern senior wrangler stands at a height above his predecessor which may be measured by the

* *On the Action of Examinations considered as a Means of Selection.* By Henry Latham, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Cambridge: 1877.

fact that, while down to a comparatively recent date the freshman, in commencing his University career (however lofty might be his aims), was assumed to be then beginning the elementary study of Euclid and of algebra, now the potential high wrangler of three years later as often possesses the requirements which would secure a good senior optime's place at the end of his first term. The reverse of the medal may be that the man whose ambition is the emine will be scared at the huge parenthesis of work, previous to his grind for the Bar, which "senior wrangler" would involve, and will not therefore attempt the achievement.

In reference to the rule existing at Cambridge which prevents (except in case of illness) an aspirant after honours from "degrading" to a lower year, on account of the wrong which he would thereby do to all the men of that year whom he might thus outstrip, Mr. Latham proposes that in exceptional cases such persons might be ranked at the bottom of the class which they had won, so as to belong to it by a sort of brevet rank, although not entitled to any specific place upon it, while at the same time he puts a limit of age beyond which they would be absolutely excluded. At Oxford, where no individual wrong can arise, "degrading" is not forbidden, so that the absolute value of a first class as the result of so many terms' reading is not quite definite. A further encouragement to the practice exists at Oxford in the fact that the terms which entitle a man to take his Master's degree reckon from the matriculation, so that it is possible to put off the B.A. degree with no detriment to the subsequent mastership. At Cambridge a fresh score of terms begins with the degree of B.A., so that to put off that degree is *pari passu* to put off the M.A.

SHEEN'S FOREMAN.*

ONE of the chief characters in this novel passes rapidly from one extreme to the other. For two volumes and a half he is brutally coarse, but then, when he has reached the threshold of old age, and we are close upon the end of the story, he becomes as sentimental as the most sickly sentimentalist could wish. Herein he bears a strong likeness to the story itself. The book deals largely in coarse, rough, brutal characters, who are made to speak coarse, rough, brutal language. By the time we had read the first thirty-five pages of the first volume we had twice come across a question in a dialogue introduced by "What the hell?" One of the numerous blackguards of the tale sets fire to the thatch of a cottage, and burns an old woman and her son to death. He cries out, when he is charged with the deed, "Such muck is best out of the way. 'Tis only like burning rubbish. The old woman and her son were no use but for manure with the ashes." Now this piece of brutality is a perfectly gratuitous excrescence on the book. The burning of these unfortunate creatures has next to nothing to do with the plot of the story. The author wanted to give the heroine's father a faithful servant, who would, in spite of his savageness, remain faithful to his daughter and to the hero. Surely there are other means known of securing the fidelity of a servant besides burning alive her lover and her lover's mother. These unfortunate people are disposed of before the end of the first chapter, and neither they nor the rufian who fired their thatch have anything further to do with the story. One can only suppose that the author looks for a set of readers to whom the description of pain has become a positive pleasure. In the very opening of the story the farmer Sheen, when he brings the hero, his brother's orphan child, to his house, "lifted his nailed boots and kicked him across the stone pavement." Next, as we have seen, two people are burnt to death. Later on a boar is brought in that rips up with his tusks the legs of a drunken young farmer. The heroine running away from it gets wounded. The hero drives a prong into its throat and half kills it. Then, remembering that his master prided himself on his boar, he draws the prong out. "The flood which followed the abstraction of the iron completed his prostration, and the image that presented itself to the angry farmer was his pet animal with blood pouring freely from his jaws." The unfortunate hero, as his reward for thus saving the life of the farmer's daughter, "was felled to the ground by Sheen's fist planted on his brow. He struggled to rise, but fell back again, half-stunned by the blow." The farmer going back to his house meets a black fiddler. "Go to your right place, you black devil," cried the furious farmer, "and fiddle to the imps in hell." As the fiddler followed him, "he turned and struck him in the face with his clenched fist. The blow fell on the blubber lips of the poor black, whose mouth was streaming with blood half a second after." The hero when he recovers from his blow runs away, but is met by the farmer, who, "like a beast that has tasted blood, longed to knock Ben (the hero) down a second time." He turned his whip "so as to apply the weighted part to Ben's head." Even the hero, sentimentally gentle though he is, could not stand this, but "had a murderer's wish that Sheen should be struck dead." What he had wished for nearly came to pass, for "a few seconds after Sheen received a blow in the temple from a large stone." It was the black who had thrown it. Sheen revived, however, sufficiently to knock down a bailiff in the next volume. As the man "got up with a scowl of deadly malignity on his face," we more than half expected that he was going to knock some one down also,

but the scowl remained a scowl and nothing more. One or two of the female characters are in their way just as coarse and almost as brutal as the men. They do not curse and swear, but they are no less vulgar and unfeeling. They too often regard each other, to use the author's expression, "with an eye of triumphant malevolence." Altogether, *Sheen's Foreman*, though not what is called an immoral book, is about as unpleasant reading as we have seen for a long time.

That there are brutes in the world, only too many of them, no one can deny; but mere brutality, as such—coarse, savage violence of act and speech—ought never to be made a chief ingredient in a work of fiction. Perhaps it is still worse when a writer who has committed such an outrage on good taste and good feeling thinks to balance the coarseness with a vein of sickly sentimentality. This wretch of a farmer, who, as we have said, spends two volumes and a half in drink and savageness, gets ruined and goes to the workhouse. An old neighbour alone takes any pity on him; for, as we are told in some verses that are signed "E. C. W.,"

Youth looks with wonder at the tears of age,
Griefs so far off no sympathy engage;
In his coeval pity he may find,
For fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

But, in spite of his coeval neighbour's pity, the man has, as we have said, to go to the workhouse. There the reader would have contentedly left him, for out of an old broken-down drunken savage there seemed nothing that could be made. But the author perhaps had begun to think that she had gone a little too far in the character she had drawn; and, as it would have been inconvenient and troublesome to go back and paint out his brutality, it might answer the purpose if she balanced the coarseness of his manhood by the sentimentality of his dotage. Taken on the average, then, he would be almost a decent character. So the old brute goes into the workhouse, and finds there the same selfishness that he had known outside its walls:—

He looked up to try to find something on which his eye might interest itself. A large hairy spider sat in his trap-door house, looking hungrily at the contents of the unsightly room. The weather was cold, and the supply of flies scarce. Then Sheen went up to the old men; one was evidently weak and senile, and the other jostled him, and squeezed him up against the wall, which gave him a fortunate support, without which he must have fallen. But now an interesting event occurred to the fourteen old men—an able-bodied pauper came in, and commanded them to rise and make way for him. They got up, many of them shaking from palsy, bent with age, weak-eyed, feeble-limbed, holding on to one another as did the crew shipwrecked on a sandbank, when the rising tide came to sweep them into eternity. Some buried their lips in idiotic rejoicing at the sight of a coal-scuttle full of coals which the pauper flung on to the fire. He walked away, when the old men, gibbering with eagerness, drew up their benches close to the fire, to exclude the new-comer from any participation in its warmth.

What, by the way, there was that was remarkable in an old man being senile we are not told. The author says of one of her characters, "Had she known Latin, she might have uttered that intenser longing of the deserted queen"; and then she quotes Virgil in the original. Here we find ourselves in a dilemma. Had the author not known Latin, she would scarcely have quoted Virgil. Had she, on the other hand, known it, she would not have been ignorant of the meaning of "senile." But to return to our drunken savage and the transformation scene with which the rudeness of the story is to be relieved. He wanders about the workhouse till he comes into a room where an infant "began a continuous moaning cry. At length a woman came in, with a face inflamed by anger; and, snatching the infant from the bed, she shook it violently, which turned the cry into an inarticulate rattle in the throat." The old man at once becomes softened; he offers to nurse the child himself, and keeps it with him during the night. "He who had never cared for any one but himself and his Lucy, now felt for a helpless sickly infant, who had no claim to regard except that an angry woman had shaken it." He sends for his old servant, for "he had some futile idea that Biddy could do something for the child." He makes her take the child home to nurse, and spend on it some of the money which otherwise she would have spent on him. She took it to her cottage, and sang to it absurd songs; for, says the author, in language that is beyond our understanding, "anything was better than the sullen silence which seemed to lap her in its impenetrability." Can anything be more absurd than such a sudden change as this? Even in a teetotal tract we never came across such a conversion; the squall of a baby reverses the habits of a lifetime. Much as we disliked Sheen drunk, we still more dislike him sober and sentimental. There would at all events have been consistency and common sense in killing him off in a brawl.

The change that comes over the hero, though not so sudden, is scarcely less absurd than the change that comes over his drunken master. Till the age of two-and-twenty he is brought up as a farm drudge, exposed to the harshest of usage. The day before he runs away he spends in carting away a dung-heap. By the aid of the usual and well-known entry in the old Bible he finds his mother's relations, and is by them with extraordinary rapidity turned into an elegant and polished gentleman. He learns Greek and Latin; at least he studies them both. He becomes "a most graceful dancer; he talked cleverly and without effort. He learnt languages and graces to please his aunt, and to please himself he studied chemistry in its application to agriculture." If we are not mistaken this wonderful change only required some four years to complete. We have only to add that, absurd as the story is, no less absurd is the

* *Sheen's Foreman*. A Novel. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

language in which it is told. Thus, a fair was to be held at a neighbouring town. "The fair," we are told, "was the pivot on which the thoughts of the sparse population had rested for many weeks." The heroine takes some cake with her to school, and gives it to her schoolfellows. "While the malicious tongues of the young ladies were employed in turning over luscious pieces of citron in the recesses of their curranty caverns, they could not be shooting out sharp arrows, even bitter words." The author in one passage says that the winters are not cold as they used to be, and "the result is the great increase of insect life in the summer, for 'sweltering venom sleeping got' do not now pass from frozen slumber to death." After this it seems almost hypercritical to find fault with the author's grammar. We notice, however, that in two consecutive pages she writes, "He had drank," and "She would have shrank." It is to be regretted that faults of taste, while they are very much more serious than faults of grammar, are not so easily cured.

GIFFEN ON STOCK EXCHANGE SECURITIES.*

DURING the past generation, and still more remarkably during the past sixteen or seventeen years, the property dealt in on the Stock Exchanges of the world has been growing at an extraordinarily rapid rate. It would be no light task to determine the total amount of the debts of all civilized and semi-civilized nations and of the federated and semi-independent States, municipalities, and local Governments subordinate to them; it would be still more difficult to ascertain the capital and loans of railway, canal, telegraph, gas, water, banking, and other commercial Companies; but it is usually estimated that the aggregate of all these cannot fall much, if at all, short of ten times our own national debt, or, say, in round numbers, eight thousand millions sterling. If this estimate be nearly correct, what are called Stock Exchange securities in their aggregate mass would be about thirteen times the total annual income of Great Britain and Ireland, from whatever source derived, at present assessed to the Income-tax. This brief statement sufficiently shows the immense practical importance of the causes that induce fluctuations in so vast a property. The increase of this property has been most rapid during the past sixteen years. Within that period the whole debt of the United States has been created, and by far the larger part of the debts of the several States and of the local Governments. So, again, in that interval France has added over five hundred millions sterling to her debt, and the principal loans of Turkey, Russia, Spain, and Egypt have been raised, not to mention a host of other States, like Hungary, Japan, and China. Further, foreign railways may almost be said to have come into existence since 1861. In the interval the United States have constructed a mileage twice the extent of our own; almost all the Indian railways have been made, and Russia has given herself an entire network. It is the same with telegraph lines, and many other undertakings which will occur to the mind of the reader. It is at first sight strange that, while the volume of this property has been increasing at so prodigious a rate, so little has been done to determine by scientific inquiry the causes of fluctuations in its value, or to systematize such observations as have been made. It certainly is not for want of sufficient fluctuations to call attention to the subject. On the contrary, these are so incessant and in many cases so severe that there is a popular impression abroad that the securities in question are subject to more violent perturbations than any other kind of property. Nor does the lack of such inquiry proceed from want of professional observers. So far from this, all the daily papers devote each morning a considerable portion of their space to the transactions of the Stock Exchange; and in all the great money centres there are special journals whose principal function is to enlighten the public in regard to those transactions. The very keenness of the interest, however, with which is discussed each passing variation in prices that affect such multitudes of persons hinders the attention from being directed to those more remote, general, and obscure causes which, in the long run, govern the changes of value. In short, the growth of the property is too recent, and its practical importance too great, to have yet allowed of systematic study. At last, however, we have, from the present very able head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, an attempt to supply the kind of treatise that was needed. In many ways Mr. Giffen is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. During eight years it was his duty to observe, study, and account for the fluctuations in the price of securities that occurred from week to week; and his special journalistic connexion gave him access to sources of information, as well as to aids towards interpretation, which few are so lucky as to command. Then, again, he was fortunate in the chief under whom he laboured. And, moreover, the years during which he gained his experience were peculiarly instructive. At the outset, the Secession struggle in the United States and the quarrel between the Executive and the Legislature were brought to a close by the election of President Grant. A little later the rivalry between Prussia and France burst all restraints; and France, struck down in the field, gave evidence of unsuspected recuperative energy. Then followed a brief period of feverish prosperity, leading up to unexampled depression. Lastly, those

years were more than usually productive of bubble Companies and worthless foreign loans, of bankruptcy and repudiation, of deception and disillusion. Mr. Giffen has made good use of his varied opportunities, and has given us a very valuable contribution towards the solution of problems which deserve from political economists more consideration than they have hitherto received. Yet we are afraid that his essay is hardly destined to a wide popularity. In its treatment we miss that lucidity of style and wealth of illustration which enabled the late Mr. Bagehot, for example, to make even abstruse questions seem easy. Mr. Giffen is evidently a man who dreads no amount of hard work himself, and therefore is not disposed to spare his readers mental toil. It would, however, have added considerably to the value of the essay if its opening chapters had been rendered less abstract. As they stand, they presuppose an acquaintance with theories of value and price which even dealers on the Stock Exchange do not always possess.

Mr. Giffen's position is that the price of securities is governed by the same laws, so far as they apply, as those which regulate the price of commodities—using the latter word to denote everything which is not a Stock Exchange security. Assuming the quantity of commodities and securities not to vary, and the rapidity of circulation to remain the same, it is evident that prices generally must rise if the volume of money is increased, and must fall if it is diminished. We see this illustrated in the case of inconvertible paper currency. In Russia at the present moment, and in the United States during the Civil War, over-issues of paper have lowered the purchasing power of the rouble and the dollar respectively; that is to say, have enhanced prices. In France, on the other hand, the currency has been kept within proper bounds, and consequently the notes of the Bank of France have remained at par. But it is obvious that, if this be so, the converse also must hold—that is, an increase either of commodities or securities, or both, must lower prices, while a decrease must raise them, if the quantity of money remains constant. Now, supposing the increase to occur in commodities, general prices will fall; but probably, though not necessarily, the fall will be greatest in commodities. In any case, as compared with commodities, the real value of securities will rise. For a smaller sum of money than before will buy a bond or share, while the interest or dividend yielded will purchase a greater quantity of commodities. A time of active production, therefore, tends to enhance the real value of securities. The rise will go on either until the owners of commodities prefer to spend rather than invest, or, what is more likely, until the profitability of securities encourages the creation of a mass of new securities. The multiplication of these tends in turn to depress securities compared with commodities. It is clear, however, that not every increase of commodities will have the effect here attributed to it, but only an increase of the surplus stock of commodities not needed for consumption or for carrying on or extending the current business of the country; in other words, only an increase of that portion of the savings of a community which the owners do not invest in transactions under their own control. These causes, however, the increase or decrease either of commodities seeking investment or of securities, act only within narrow limits. They seldom or never attain such dimensions as to produce marked results. The agency which produces the greatest effect on the Stock Exchange is credit. In the actual world credit is quite as effective as money, and plays precisely the same part. The man who has credit can buy just as well as the man who has money. Now when a period of active speculation sets in—that is, when some cause of general anxiety is removed, as at the close of the Franco-German War, and as may be again expected at the close of the troubles in the East—there is an extraordinary expansion of credit. The banks eagerly invite deposits, which they use in advances to manufacturers and others. These in their turn increase their transactions. Business becomes buoyant, exports swell, prices rise; in short, a period of prosperity, real or fictitious, ensues. The profits, though they may be only paper profits, seem exceptionally large, and the dealings are of corresponding magnitude. Of these profits, at least the usual proportion, in actual amount necessarily much above the ordinary, seeks investment in securities, and a great rise of price occurs. After a while bankers begin to feel that to give this accommodation they have incurred excessive liabilities—that, in fact, they have reached the limit of their resources; and they begin to refuse further credit, to insist even upon realizations. The anxiety to be safe spreads, apprehension grows up, a crisis occurs, and prices tumble even more rapidly than they had mounted. Naturally securities feel the effect severely, for the speculation in them has probably been more reckless than in other markets, and the reaction is consequently the more violent.

Thus far we have been regarding securities as a class, leaving out of sight the differences that exist among them, and we have found that, while increase or decrease of the quantity of securities and of commodities offering themselves for investment has a certain effect, the most potent cause by far of the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange is the expansion and contraction of credit which is so marked a feature of modern industrial life. As regards the influence of the Stock Exchange itself, Mr. Giffen is inclined to attach to it little importance. So far as it goes, however, he argues with much force that the existence of a great market where there are always buyers and sellers tends to prevent extreme rises and falls—that is, to moderate fluctuations. The malpractices of the Stock Exchange—rigs, corners, and the like—can clearly not affect all securities. In the very nature of things they must be confined to certain stocks; for no combination of speculators, however numerous, daring, and powerful, could successfully operate

* *Stock Exchange Securities: an Essay on the General Causes of Fluctuations in their Price.* By Robert Giffen. London: George Bell & Sons. 1877.

against the whole vast mass of property dealt in on the Stock Exchange. It is further evident that "rigs" and "corners" will be most successful where they are directed against stocks which real causes are tending to favour or depreciate. The existence, again, of worthless stock depresses the price of valuable stock. This is evident on a moment's consideration. The amount of money plus the credit existing determines the price of securities; consequently the greater the mass of these the lower must that price be. In other words, every investor in worthless stock is a buyer the less of sound securities. The disappearance of worthless foreign loans and bogus Companies, therefore, though for the moment it may intensify panic, in the long run increases the value of really sound securities. Turning, in the last place, to the causes which determine the value of securities among themselves, it is manifest that the most potent is safety. Consols command the highest price because no doubt exists that the interest on them will be regularly paid. Next to safety ranks the consideration of yield. Other things being equal, it is evident that the higher the interest the higher also will be the price. Third in order is marketability. Let its other advantages be ever so great, a stock which cannot be readily sold, should occasion require, is clearly not an eligible investment. And if a stock is very small, dealers will not care to trouble themselves with it. A very large stock, such as the ordinary shares of a first-class Railway Company, is, therefore, apart even from safety and yield, sure to stand higher than a very limited stock. These are the general causes, whose operation can everywhere be traced, but there are minor causes acting in special cases. Thus the obligation laid on trustees to invest in certain stocks gives them an important advantage. Again, mere custom keeps the price of Consols above that of the New Three per Cents, though there is absolutely no difference between the two classes of securities. Further, an idea of respectability attaches to certain stock, as, for example, to the shares of the Bank of England. And sometimes the possession of certain annuities confers status or privileges. These latter causes, however, are adventitious and accidental. The permanent and essential causes are safety, yield, and negotiability.

Mr. Giffen, before concluding, cites lists of prices in support of the conclusion that eligible investments are not increasing as fast as savings, and consequently that the value of securities is rising. The inquiry thus opened up is extremely interesting, but we cannot enter upon it here. We may, however, say that the statistics adduced are too few to warrant any inference. We are encouraged to hope, however, that Mr. Giffen may pursue the inquiry. In the meantime, we trust the good advice with which he closes his essay may be taken to heart by investors, and thus help to prevent a repetition of the scandalous practices which have been too frequent on the Stock Exchange in recent years.

CLASSICAL SELECTIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.*

ACCORDING to classic precedent there are two time-honoured modes of extracting and amassing the essence and fruit of ancient literature. The one is a process of flower-tasting and distillation, such as is represented in so-called *Florilegia* and *Anthologies*, and is mostly confined to verse; the other is a more solid, if prosaic, process of sustained industry, which copies the ant rather than the bee, and by degrees succeeds in raising into a complete edition a perfected heap of the works of this or that author. We have now before us notable examples of either process; for the *Latin Florilegium* is but a synonym for the Greek *Anthology*, though the use of the latter word became somewhat limited in later Greek to the fugitive poetry of the epigrammatists. Mr. St. John Thackeray extracts his honey from the whole garden of Greek poetry, epigrammatists included, and Mr. Frost has aimed at furnishing the tiro with a garland of the flowers of Ovidian and Tibullian elegy. Messrs. Church and Brodribb, and the new Head-Master of Kelly College, will not, we hope, take offence at the comparison of their labours to ants' work, when we explain that we have in mind the patient, orderly, unswerving, and ingenious processes by which the perfect mass is in course of time consolidated, as it has been in the case of the translation of Tacitus, and doubtless will be in that of Mr. Taylor's *Anabasis*. Although none but the last of the works on our list can strictly be called new, the *Florilegium* and *Anthologia* have received so much additional value from their editors' adoption of the hints of critics that the new matter in them is distinguishable in every page; and the translators of Tacitus also have evidently retraced the whole of their ground before putting forth their completed translation. It would be a pleasant task to compare each of these works with

former undertakings of the same kind; but we must confine ourselves to a notice of such characteristic features of the volumes before us as seem likely to recommend them severally to the authorities of our schools and colleges.

A few glances at the new edition of what was Whittaker's *Florilegium Poeticum*, but is now confined to extracts from Ovid and Tibullus, will show the sound judgment with which Mr. Frost has executed his task of improving the selection of choice passages, and furnishing needful verbal, textual, and illustrative commentary. Let us take a few examples. In p. 13 the last couplet of three from Ovid on "the efficacy of piety" runs thus:—

Inque mero mollita Ceres, violæque soluta
Hæc habet mediâ testa relictâ viâ.

As is shown in the note, this refers to the offerings of corn and wine and loosely-strawn violets to the dead, buried by the wayside (see *Juv. i. 170*; *Mart. xi. 13*), *mediâ viâ*, and held, for fear the Manes should disdain them, on the crockery or "testa." At pp. 29-30 occurs the line, *apropos* of female ornament, "Nec vagus in laxo pes tibi pelle natet"; from which counsel to avoid "shoes so big that the foot almost floats about in them," Mr. Frost takes his cue and quotes parallels in Horace, *Sat. i. 3. 31*, and Theophrastus, *ch. iv.* On the line in p. 46, "Et populus festo concolor ipse suo," he has a pertinent note to remind us that white days were with the Romans lucky days, and that white was appropriately the holiday-dress colour. In other places where the sense is not transparent, he briefly supplies the necessary clue. Thus, in the lines "on woman's love of amusements," p. 14,

Sic ruit ad celebres cultissima femina ludos;
Copia judicium sepe morata meum,

he explains "copia" as in apposition to "cultissima femina"—*i.e.* "a rich abundance of beauty." We should be disposed to render the line "A richness that has oft puzzled my choice." The French version is "Leur foule nombreuse a tenu mon choix en suspens." In the next verse of the original, by the way, comes the famous commonplace of feminine fondness for "seeing and being seen," "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ," which occurs, be it noted, in Ovid, *Art. Am. i. 100*, &c., where the poet gives the Raptus Sabinarum, and not, as one might suppose, in his *Fasti*, which did not reach so far in the Calendar. Of the Tibullian lines (p. 19)—

Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet in nato testa paterna merum—

the explanation is given that, in peace, "the winejar, filled with new wine by the father, poured forth its mellowed contents for the son's drinking"; whereas in war cellars would suffer disturbance. Many of Mr. Frost's parallels are very happy. *E.g.* with Ovid's "Qui semel est læsus fallaci piscis ab hamo, Omnibus unca cibis ara subesse putat," he compares Shakespeare's

The bird that hath been limed in a tree,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

and with the well-known line as to false friends and the winter of fortune ("Tempora si fuerint nubila," &c.), *King Lear*, III. iv. :—

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

He is equally exact in elucidating constructions, as where he explains the verse, "Mutavit glandes utiliore cibo," as well by pertinent illustrations as by saying that the ablative is the "ablative of barter"; and again, where he shows that in the line

A Veneris facie non est prior ulla, tuâque,

Leander is made to say that, next to Venus, no beauty ranks before Hero. The construction is the same as in *Juvenal*, x. 125, "Divina Philippica fama, Volveris a primâ que proxima" (*i.e.* next after the first). We must add a few verbal touches which may suggest to schoolboys the expediency of "throwing the old Gradus by," and preferring such a volume as Mr. Frost's, and its felicitous selections, as a mine of poetical vocabulary to dig in. Do they require in their elegiac Ovidian Latin for an "umbrella"? "Aurea umbracula" was the "gilded sunshade" which Hercules held over Omphale (see p. 47). Would they bring Strasbourg pies and "patés de foie gras" into classic couplets? A hint may be got from the allusion to the goose liver in p. 51:—

Nec defensa juvant Capitolia, quo minus arser
Det jecur in lances, Inachi lauta, tuas.

Or, if they would get the undoubted Latin counterpart for the "flirt," they may find it in Ovid's "Desultor Amoris" (*Am. i. iii. 15*), the metaphor being borrowed from a circus rider, who vaults continually from one steed to another. We note one or two careless misprints, as *tupiter* for "turpiter," p. 18, and *violatur* for "violator," p. 33; and if we may trust Heyne's *Apollodorus*, p. 195, and other later authorities, for *Thrasius*, in p. 28 (in the allusion to Buisiris), the true reading should be *Phrausius*.

In the *Anthologia Græca* a new edition has wrought less change in the text than in the notes. Only two new passages (from Hesiod's "Works and Days," which had been altogether ignored, with that author's other works, in the first edition) are added. On the other hand, the notes have been rewritten, to the exclusion of many illustrative quotations found in the first commentary, and the substitution of explanatory and grammatical notes, the latter chiefly from Curtius. After the fashion of the age, Mr. Thackeray cannot get rid of the idea that he must preface his first book of extracts from Homer with a survey of the

* *Florilegium Poeticum*: a Selection of Elegiac Extracts from Ovid and Tibullus. New Edition, greatly enlarged, with English Notes. By Rev. Percival Frost, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1877.

Anthologia Græca: Passages from the Greek Poets, selected and arranged, with Notes. By Rev. Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A., late Fellow of Lincoln Coll., Oxford. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Bell & Sons. 1877.

The Annals, History, and Minor Works of Tacitus. 3 vols. Translated into English, with Notes and Maps. By Alfred John Church, M.A., of Lincoln Coll., Oxford, and William Jackson Brodribb, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Revised Edition. Macmillan & Co. 1876-7.

Xenophon's Anabasis of Cyrus; with a short Greek Syntax, &c. Vol. I. Books I. and II.; Vol. II. Books III. and IV. By R. W. Taylor, M.A., Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock; late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1877.

present state of the Homeric question, though obviously the vexed topic of Homer's personality, and the various views of Wolf, Lachmann, Grote, Gladstone, and Paley would need far more space for anything like adequate discussion. Perhaps, however, we ought to be thankful that he has taken this trouble, as he is thus led to give a brief glance at Dr. Schliemann's illustrations of the site and subject of the Trojan epic. Here, however, we ought to add that the after-thought of adding illustrative notes to the text helps to repair the shortcomings of scanty introduction or preface—e.g. where at No. xxx. p. 45, we are told that Andromache, on hearing of Hector's death, ἀπὸ κρατὸς βάλε δέσματα σιγαλόεσσα, "her glistening head-dress," and Mr. Thackeray remarks that Dr. Schliemann's discovery of two head-dresses of pure gold throws light on this passage. "Of the four parts of the head-dress, two, the κρήδεμνον (a textile veil or mantilla) and κεκρόφαλον (a net to confine the hair) have disappeared in the fire; the two others, the ἀμπύς, a gold headband for the forehead, and the ἀναδίσχυρ, a twined or plaited fillet, Mr. Gladstone has identified with the diadem represented in Schliemann's *Troy and its Remains*, p. 335." So also at the proper places Mr. Thackeray takes care to point out such peculiarities in the meanings of Homeric words as indicate a seeming discrepancy of sense in the *Odyssey* as compared with the *Iliad*. In xlii. p. 66, e.g. (*Od. IX.*) the lotus-eaters are described as eating or browsing the jujube (λατὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι), whereas the πεδία λατοῦντα of the *Iliad* (p. 29, line 2 above) are "fields of clover." Elsewhere he notes that the date-palm, φοῖνικες of the *Odyssey*, is not mentioned in the *Iliad*; and indeed we may take it as a feature of Mr. Thackeray's editing (as regards Homer) that he belongs to the new and revolutionary school. But there are some notable recommendations to this improved edition of the Greek *Anthologia* of ten years ago, independently of the epic passages. We especially refer to the explanatory notes, which are given wherever they are needed. Thus in p. 21 the notes will be found to contain an account of Hipponax and his Choriambics (more familiar afterwards through the fabulist Babrius), and the skit of the satirist on the luxurious Asiatic Greeks is interpreted where the Greek requires unravelling. So, too, with the selections from Theognis, the *Scholia*, the drinking songs, the Odes of Sappho, and the lyric poets generally. On ποικιλόδρον' ἀδανὰν Ἀφροδίτα, and the remainder of that spirited ode—preserved, the note tells us, by Longinus, as a fine sample of the amatory sublime—Mr. Thackeray retains the admirable Latin Sapphic version of Munro, as he does that of Mr. Balston in Latin alcaics on the chorus of the *Agamemnon* as relates to Iphigenia's sacrifice, and two happy versions of choral bits of the *Hippolytus* by Mr. T. S. Evans and Mr. James. Occasionally we miss a note where we could wish for elucidation of a curious figure, as at παιδικοί θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται in Bacchylides' Hymn to Peace; here, as in Virgil's "Clarior ignis auditor," the subject and its verb apply strictly to distinct senses. Also in one or two passages of Theocritus an interpretation of one reading is given, whilst that of another equally probable is omitted. But, taking the amended *Anthologia Græca* as a whole, and trusting that future editions will bring it still nearer to perfection, we are tempted to prophesy for it a *cervina* or *corvina* senectus, and favour with our grandsons' grandsons, if the classics are suffered to last so long.

As on the appearance of the first edition of each volume of Messrs. Church and Brodribb's *Tacitus*, we discussed the merits of the several instalments of the work pretty fully, we need now only speak of them summarily. Messrs. Church and Brodribb first proved their aptness and tact in translation by a version of the *History*, a work of the mature and practised historian, which affords excellent test-ground for the translator in its lifelike portraits of subordinate characters and its psychological analysis of the aims of principal actors, to say nothing of battlefields and episodes of civil or military movements. Though we have a better opinion of Gordon's translation (*Temp. George II.*) than Messrs. Church and Brodribb, who are harder on its pedantry than on Murphy's diffuseness, it needs but the perusal of a few chapters side by side to show that, for readableness, good English, and a due admixture of faithfulness with style and finish, the translation of the *History* now before us is incomparably the best. Though critics in want of something to say may call it tame in parts, and deficient in spirit and power, we may well be satisfied with a translation at once truthful, vigorous, and idiomatic. The general favour accorded to the *History*, their first undertaking, must have encouraged the translators to go on with the *Agricola* and the *Germany*, treatises of less length, but imposing an arduous labour on the translators on account of the exceptional difficulties of the style and text of these monographs. Last year they accomplished the most considerable task of all, a version of the *Annals*, which had profited by previous criticism, and owed something to the access allowed them for the first and second Books to the meritorious translation by Mr. A. H. Beesley. In the present year they have completed their undertaking by adding to a new edition of the *Agricola* and *Germany* the "Dialogue about Famous Orators," which some internal evidence as to phraseology seems to vindicate as a genuine work of Tacitus. We find in it the sarcasm, the subtle psychological analysis, and the frequent pregnant phrases common to all his writings, though the more rounded rhetorical style bespeaks it to be his earliest work. Had we room, it would be easy to show how well the translators have crowned their labours on their chosen author. We congratulate them on one of the most worthy and creditable achievements of English scholarship in the present century.

Mr. R. W. Taylor's two instalments of a school edition of Xenophon's *Anabasis* cannot be compared with the last-named work, either as to the difficulties of the author's style or the range of the editor's aim. Yet there is real work in them of a very respectable character; and they will be found to vie in sound scholarship with the best recent editions of the *Anabasis*, while they are more copious in collateral information than the now somewhat obsolete edition of Macmichael. We must especially notice the tact and judgment with which Mr. Taylor has utilized the geographical researches of Layard, Rawlinson, and Colonel Chesney (*Expedition for the Survey of the Euphrates and Tigris*); for these, perhaps more than the brief syntax and notes (repeated in each volume), entitle this edition to the attention of older readers. Occasionally we have to dissent from Mr. Taylor's rendering of Greek words. Where, in I. viii. § 7, he renders προμετωπίδια "frontlets," we should call them "vizards"; δημο-πράττει, "table companions," according to these notes, we should call "messmates"; and at III. i. § 13, in the clause πάντα τὰ δεινύτατα παθόντας ὑβριζομένους ἀποδανείν, it would be better to explain ὑβριζομένους "with indignity" than, as Mr. Taylor does, "in constant torture." These, however, are minor matters, and it is impossible not to regard the four books of the *Anabasis* before us as a work of patient, intelligent, honest, and scholarly labour, very creditable to its author.

NEW ZEALAND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.*

THE country oddly called New Zealand consists of two islands nearly equal in size, with a smaller one, the three together having about the same area as the British islands. They occupy a singular position on the globe, standing amidst a vast expanse of ocean, and being further removed from any of the main continents than any other considerable detached pieces of land. Their extent in joint length, with the intervening channels or straits, is almost one thousand miles, lying from south-west to north-east across thirteen parallels of latitude. This alone would account for some variety of climates in different parts of the country, and that variety is further enhanced by a remarkable diversity of surface elevations, of aspects and exposure to winds. Cœlus and Terra, in the phenomena of meteorology and geology, have a good deal to say to each other; and nowhere more than in these large mountainous islands of the Pacific, for it is the same in the Fiji and the Hawaii groups.

The grand features of New Zealand scenery, viewed in general, as produced by mighty forces of nature, present an instructive study. Volcanic and glacial action have wrought here the most astonishing effects. The "water volcanoes" which form so strange and beautiful an exhibition at Lake Rotomahana have been described by us on a former occasion. They are similar to those of the Yellowstone River district near the Rocky Mountains in North America, and to some phenomena of the same kind in Iceland and in the Philippines. Subterranean heated waters burst up in boiling springs or jets of steam, issuing from the soil in a thousand places, along a vast tract of plain or on the hill-sides. They mingle with the cold water at the bottom of deep lakes and rivers or of the open sea. They fill large pools and overflow high banks in abundant cascades, charged with silicious deposits which leave massive incrustations, white or coloured, as in the terraces and steps of Rotomahana. All these curious volcanic phenomena, as well as the only still burning mountain, Tongariro, and many whose fires have long been extinct, are found in the North Island. A great part, indeed, of its breadth, westward from the backbone range of upheaved stratified rocks, as well as the northern peninsula stretching far beyond Auckland, is of purely volcanic formation. The South or Middle Island, on the contrary, shows few tokens of volcanic agency; these are the basaltic promontory of Akaroa or Banks's Peninsula, and that which shields Port Chalmers, the harbour of Dunedin, on the east coast, and the trachitic cones of the Kaikōra range. It is quite a different series of natural operations that is to be traced in the structure of the Southern Alps.

The backbone of the two large islands, only broken through by Cook's Strait, is a ridge of the raised earth-crust nearly seven hundred miles long in a straight line from the south-west shore of Otago to East Cape, in the province of Auckland. It may have been produced by the rising edge of a fracture in the floor of the ocean-bed surrounding these islands. A thousand miles away over that sea to the westward, on the opposite coast of New South Wales and Tasmania, almost parallel with the main line of the New Zealand mountain ranges, are the Blue Mountains and Australian Alps, with their southern continuations across Bass's Strait. These would seem to show a corresponding fracture. Here are the two edges of a vast oblong or rhomboid piece of submarine ground, equal to that lying beneath our North Sea and the Bay of Biscay joined together. Geologists are led to believe that the whole intervening space, now covered with water, is the site of a sunken continent. It appears to have extended northward as far as the New Hebrides and the Louisiade Archipelago and the Great Barrier Reef that fringes the Australian coast up to Torres Strait. Such an island as New Caledonia, for instance, may be a mere chip left sticking up in the Pacific Ocean by the submerged ancient mainland. The geological arguments for this supposition, which have been set forth by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, have con-

* *New Zealand, Graphic and Descriptive*. Illustrations by C. D. Barrauld. Edited by W. T. L. Travers, F.L.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

siderable force. Dr. Hector, the New Zealand Government geologist, in a paper which he read in London about the beginning of last year, described the position of the western shores of that country in relation to the edges of the submarine plateau, which has been further explored by H.M.S. *Challenger* and by surveyors for laying the telegraph cable. It seems that New Zealand, resting on the backbone range of its mountains as on a longitudinal axis, has tilted over somewhat to that western side, where its shores now lie deeply immersed in the sea, while the east coast has, by this movement of partially rolling over, been simultaneously lifted up. The same effects are to be observed in South America, and in many other peninsular or insular countries surrounded by an ocean of varying depth. They are here perhaps more worthy of attention from their bearing on the actual condition of the interior highlands.

These Southern Alps of New Zealand display in fact remarkable proofs of the shattering and dislocating effect of different periods of unequal elevation and depression. The cause may be found in the geographical position of the islands, at the intersecting point of the lines of greatest and of least depth in the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Those lines cross each other nearly at right angles—the one running in a north-easterly, the other in a north-westerly direction. The one is represented by the backbone ridge of New Zealand mountains, the other by the deep transverse cuts in Cook's Strait and Foveaux Strait, and that which terminates the north-east portion of the land. It is obvious that a mass of piled or stratified rocks lying across such clefts and chasms, and getting a lurch over to one side, would fall into accidental contortions. The result has been to produce a great deal of strikingly picturesque and romantic scenery, which in Mr. Barraud's water-colour drawings, reproduced by chromo-lithographs and engravings, commands our admiration.

The province of Canterbury, which occupies the middle part of the South Island, having Nelson to the north and Otago to the south of it, contains what is properly called an Alpine range of mountains. This range is two hundred miles in length, and is notable for its unity of structure. Its principal summits, rising to twelve or thirteen thousand feet in height, and each accompanied by two or three of less elevation, are Kaimatau, Mount Tyndall, and Mount Cook, with Mount Tasman. All these, with Mount Dana and Mount Aspiring towards the southern end of the range, stand precisely in one straight line, drawn from north-east to south-west. The direction of this line is different by thirty-three degrees from that which geology indicates as the nearly uniform strike of the paleozoic rock strata composing the entire range. Every symptom of past changes here would lead us to believe that all these strata were once subjected to intense pressure in an oblique direction, crumpling them into huge folds, and then bending the interposed ridges athwart their middle, so as to raise each bent point of a ridge to a mountain peak. The axes of these foldings, as shown in a distinct system of valleys, on both sides of the mountain range, appear to be determined with geometrical regularity by the combined directions of the original rock-beds, of the compressing oblique force, and of the bent given to the intervening ridges that alternate with the valleys consequently formed. They radiate from a common centre on one side like the folds of a fan; but the point to which they converge westward lies deep in the bottom of the sea, off Clifly Head. The depth is there very great, as the submarine plateau, or sunken continent, does not approach so close to the island shores as it does off the south-west coast of Otago. In Dr. Von Hochstetter's scientific account of New Zealand we find a diagram of the general structure of the Southern Alps, from the design of Mr. E. Dobson, C.E. The series of radiating hollow folds to which we have adverted is spoken of as "giving the idea that the country has been starved, just as a mirror is starved by a violent blow; or, as in rock-blasting, a set of radiating fissures is sometimes produced by a single shot." On the south-western shores, below Milford Haven, the seaward cavities, falling abruptly from more precipitous mountain-sides, indent the coast with profound inlets, fjords, and sounds penetrating far inland, overhung by thick, gloomy forests. This is a region not yet inhabited, and seldom visited by the curious explorer.

The reverse, or eastern, side of the main range, with the system of interior valleys and subordinate highlands, is differently arranged. Here we find the fractured beds of rock, not unlike chequers of a chessboard, crossed by the diagonal line of the dominating rampart, so that the opposite lower cliffs, which bound perhaps two sides of a deep closed-up recess in these central highlands, often form a rectangle. The secondary range of mountains, rising to about half the height of the grand Alpine wall, is not strictly parallel to it, but pursues an irregular zigzag course. It is in the intermediate spaces that we may admire some of the most tremendous exhibitions of ice-power, snow-power, and simple water-power applied to chopping up and scooping out huge thick-nesses of solid rock. Nowhere upon earth, so far as we know, are the results of this agency more amazing to the spectator than here, because they are here packed together within a moderate compass. The elevation of the mountain range, as well as its extent, does not come half up to that of the Himalayas. It is scarcely equal to that of the Swiss Alps; but its glaciers, and the proofs of their comparatively recent work, are in proportion far greater. For instance, the snow-field dependent on Mount Cook, whose topmost crest reaches 13,200 feet, has an area of 160 square miles, which is twice as large as that of Mont Blanc, and larger than that of the whole Bernese Oberland. The Tasman Glacier is eighteen miles

long, and fully two miles broad, the like of which can be seen only in the Himalayas. Dr. Julius Haast, the Canterbury Provincial Geologist, has described many wonderful features of the ice-region in New Zealand, which probably exceeds all other examples of the kind, if we consider the narrowness and smaller height of its Alpine system. The past action of more ancient glaciers, and of the snows of former ages, is shown most forcibly in the immense chasms, sometimes 1,800 feet deep, which they have cut out of hard sedimentary rock. Again, precipitous mountain-sides, to the height of 4,000 feet, bear witness to a force that has shorn away incalculable masses of their substance, which lies beneath piled up in vast heaps of loose stone, or carried far down the valleys in lateral or terminal moraines. Hence the numerous highland lakes, some of which are depicted by Mr. Barraud's artistic pencil. Lake Wakatipu, in Otago, with an area of a hundred and twenty square miles, has the surface of its water a thousand feet above the sea level, while its bottom is lower than the surface of the ocean. Its shores, traversed by a good road to the gold-fields, with Queens-town and Kingstown looking at each other across its profound depths, are now accessible by railway from the provincial capital. Their stupendous mountain scenery, "the Remarkables," with their face torn and rent by huge furrows or tortuous ravines from the base to the summit, and Mount Earnslaw, with its majestic assemblage of varied shapes, of peaks and pinnacles, and of nether pyramids, composing one harmonious group at the head of this lake, must rank with the finest in Switzerland. Not less picturesque, but of gentler aspect, are the grand masses of mingled rock and forest, chiefly black birch, that surround Lake Mavora. In the Canterbury portion of these Southern Alps there are many glacier lakes of inferior size, one named after the late Sir J. T. Coleridge. The interior recesses, however, of the Alpine region in that part are too much confined by a second and third range of mountains, and encumbered with mere heaps of rock and rubble, and therefore afford less interesting views. Yet the dominating summit of Mount Cook, wherever it emerges above the mob of nearer hills, presents a very noble object of contemplation, in form not unlike the Matterhorn. The forest glens of the Otira Gorge, descending to Hokitika in Westland, and the broken-up mixture of highlands and woodland in the Craigieburn valley, give the charm of wild beauty to the high road from Christchurch across the island. On the eastern side of the island, from Christchurch to the frontier of Otago, extends a long strip of treeless plain, with a breadth of thirty or forty miles, which is rather commodious for settlement than attractive to the lover of natural sublimity or amenity in landscape. It is bordered, to the foot of the secondary mountain range, by sloping terraces of shingle and gravel, intersected by the brief and wasteful course of fitful rivers, mostly glacier-fed. Some of these wayward streams, at the annual snow-melting, will often tear open for themselves new channels in their shifting beds to reach the neighbouring sea. But the distant sight of the Southern Alps still lends grace and dignity to the otherwise dull prospect on the Canterbury Plains. The colonist, however, is perhaps more apt to think of their powerful influence on the weather as it affects his agricultural operations. It is worthy indeed of remark how the extraordinary difference of climate between the west and east shores of this island, but two hundred miles wide, is caused by the uninterrupted mountain barrier, ever stopping the equatorial current of moisture-bearing tropical winds. The rainfall at Hokitika, from May to December, is four or five times as much as the rainfall at Christchurch. One side, having an equable temperature and great humidity of the atmosphere, has its mountain slopes densely clothed with magnificent forests, which overhang the sea on the south-western coast. On the other side there is not a stick of timber to be cut without going far up the country to fetch it; and the farmer has usually found it cheaper to import wire fences, either from Sydney or from London, than to use the wood of New Zealand. In these and other ways it may readily be conceived that the existence of the Southern Alps is a material fact which has had no slight effect on the British settlements in that remote country. Upon the whole, so far as we can yet perceive, it will not prove adverse to their health and wealth. The mountain is not a foe, but a stern friend, to mankind.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.*

CONSIDERABLE interest has of late been shown on the subject of domestic economy. The upper classes wish to help the labouring population to choose their food better and to cook it in a more nourishing manner. The middle classes find it necessary to learn something of household management, as provisions are dear, times bad, and servants ignorant. The number of manuals and cookery books which have appeared within the last year would make quite a library in themselves. It would be unnecessary as well as impossible to review them all, so we take a few of each

* *Everyday Meals.* By Mary Hooper. King & Co.

Cookery for Invalids. By Mary Hooper. King & Co.

A Lenten Cookery Book. Edited by Mrs. Sidney Lear. Mowbray & Co.

Common-sense Housekeeping. By Phyllis Browne. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

Common-sense Cookery. By A. G. Payne. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

Domestic Economy for Girls. Edited by Rev. E. T. Stevens, M.A. Books I., II., III. Longmans.

Domestic Economy: a Class-book for Girls. Nelson.

Simple Lessons for Home Use—Cookery. By J. C. Buckmaster. Edward Stanford.

class. First of all, a hearty word of praise must be given to Miss Hooper's *Everyday Meals and Cooking for Invalids*. The dishes are well chosen, the directions for making them are expressed in clear unambiguous language, and, as a rule, the recipes are of the best, without being extravagant. Some few exceptions may be made, but they do not alter the general value of the books. For instance, the recipe for *croquettes* would be much improved if to the other ingredients some stiff meat jelly were added. English cooks nearly always make them too dry, because they do not know this secret, which we learnt from a clever *chef* at Santander. A more delicate recipe for gruel might have been given which does not require straining, a process to be carefully avoided in invalid cookery, where everything depends on perfect purity. Servants are careless about sieves—a carelessness not easily detected in a flavoured dish, but very apparent in one supposed to be tasteless. A better recipe for panada might also have been supplied. When carefully made of stale bread cut in squares, not mashed up, and served with cream instead of milk, it is often a valuable variety in sick diet. We do not, however, agree with Miss Hooper in thinking that tea should stand for ten minutes; from three to five is quite enough for a perfect "brew."

A *Lenten Cookery Book* is only suitable for people who have already been initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen, and who do not require to have the processes explained. There are many nice *maigre* dishes, but the directions are sometimes so incomplete that it would have been better to omit them altogether, only giving the name and a reference, "See Cookery Book." No person who did not already know how to make Mayonnaise sauce would learn by merely being told to "take three yolks of eggs, with pepper and salt, and work them in a basin with a wooden spoon into half a pint of olive oil and a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar till the mixture is like thick cream." It would be little short of a miracle if the mixture ever thickened at all. It is extraordinary to meet with a book of recipes, "most of them being brought from the Continent," in which we are told that an omelette ought to be brown, and are not told that the best way to cook macaroni is to throw it into boiling water. The sauces are good and varied.

Common-sense Housekeeping and *Common-sense Cookery* are reprints of pleasant, chatty papers which appeared in *Cassell's Magazine*. They no doubt supplied a great deal of useful information to people who like instruction in the guise of whipped cream. The volume on housekeeping is in the form of a story. As far as we can discover, the name of the heroine is never mentioned, although she is the principal character. "Jack," the hero, is one of those admirable young men whose acquaintance it would be desirable to make if only for the purpose of having him to exhibit as an example to others. He is rich on 250*l.* a year; and, while still young, has saved enough to furnish a house. He marries a governess, who, though also young, has laid by money. The wedding breakfast and honeymoon trip are paid for by a convenient "Uncle John," who then, with good manners, retires from the scene, feeling that he is no longer of any use. Soon the young couple are comfortably settled in a cosy nest, for which they pay thirty-five pounds a year; and the question of how to apportion their means has to be discussed. The "little woman" will not hear of separate purses, because, as they both intend never to buy what they can possibly do without, it is needless. So the first quarter's salary of 62*l.* 10*s.* goes into a drawer, of which they each have a key. Newly-married people, when they are happy, are much inclined to hospitality; so friends "drop in" constantly to dinner or tea. Before the end of the quarter the cupboard, or rather the drawer, is bare, Jack is in despair, and his wife becomes ill with vexation. Jack tries unsuccessfully to borrow money from the friends who have been enjoying his hospitality, but fortunately induces the tradesmen to wait for their payments. Then another uncle comes into the field opportunely and finds his nephew some book-keeping to do in the evening. Jack nearly kills himself with the efforts he makes to get his finances straight, but at last everything comes right. A faithful "Mary Anne," by dint of good training, is manufactured into a permanent treasure. The children are as perfect as their parents, and grow up ornaments to society, healthy, wise, and good-looking. *Common-sense Cookery* is worthy of a place on the shelf of any young lady who intends one day to have a house of her own. The author makes a sensible protest against the vulgarity of expensive wedding breakfasts "out of proportion to the means of the giver"; but nevertheless he supplies some excellent advice on the subject, and several good bills of fare. Mr. Payne suggests that the money which might be spent upon an unnecessary and troublesome entertainment would be better employed in furnishing a room for the young couple in their new house, to be called "the wedding-breakfast room."

We now come to consider some manuals intended to be used in schools. As a rule, publishers have been singularly unfortunate in the volumes they have issued, if we except Mrs. Buckton's *Health in the House*, a shilling manual by the late Dr. Parkes, and one or two others. We cannot do better than recapitulate some remarks on the subject lately made by the Principal of Whitelands' Training College, with regard to the text-books already in his hands:—

Some writers do not know what teaching is; some do not know their subject except in the most superficial manner; some do not know what real live children are capable of learning. Mistakes may be classified as ignorant and learned. Ignorant mistakes have been made by those who know superficially, or not at all—mistakes, not only of fact, but of principle, even of common scientific principles. This has taken place in books of a story or dialogue form. Learned mistakes are chiefly over-estimates of what children can learn and teachers can teach in the given time. Teachers and pupil alike become disgusted. The children addressed

are imaginary beings, inhabitants of cloud-cuckoo-land, not real girls of flesh and blood, daughters of labourers and artisans, and the future mothers of labourers and artisans. The illustrations in many cases are poor worn-out plates, not good as pictures; utterly worthless as illustrations. Some have tried to enlist a series of writers, and kept the arrangement in their own hands. But in this method of treatment there can be no unity of method, not hing fundamental.

The three volumes edited by the Rev. E. T. Stevens have the faults inseparable from all collections of heterogeneous materials by different hands. It is true that there is a great deal of information, "fine confused feeding," but it is in a bad form and much space is wasted. For instance, we turn to "Clocks" to see whether the mechanism is popularly explained, and we read:—

What a useful machine is the clock, and how cheerfully its tick, tick sounds when the children are all gathered round the fire on a winter evening. To a little child it must seem wonderful that the hands go round so regularly without any one to move them, and that the pendulum can swing so steadily for many days without any one touching it.

And so on, the writer wasting a whole page by filling it with commonplace twaddle. An authority whose opinion is worth quoting lately went over the greater number of these manuals of domestic economy and made the following criticisms:—

The radical fault is that most of the school-books on this subject have no fundamental idea, no foundation. Scientific terms are misunderstood or misapplied, and yet abundantly used. There is no attempt at organic treatment of the whole. In almost every book scientific truth and scientific theory are hopelessly jumbled. Instead of a broad principle, carefully worked out, they are taken up with trifling detail; each lesson having no connexion with what has gone before, or with what follows:—A class-book on domestic economy ought not to be a cookery-book, or a recipe-book. Morality is dragged in by the heels.

Domestic Economy, a Class-book for Girls, has the merit of being well arranged, and the lessons are carefully graduated; but it shares in a minor degree all the faults of which we have complained. At p. 31, under "Frying"—speaking of fish—we are told that "a little dripping should be used"; "if too much fat be used, they will look white and soddened." No directions could be more hopelessly wrong; and that on an important point. At p. 43 there is a long paragraph supposed to deal with mending wearing apparel, in which there is not one single bit of instruction, but only lecture.

Simple Lessons for Home Use is one of the series to be sold at threepence, now being issued by Mr. Stanford. Perhaps the poor will appreciate it; at any rate the print is good. We must quote one of the last sentences:—"Time is the capital of every married woman; and she who neither wastes it by slothfulness nor negligence will find that God's blessing generally rests on those who are diligent and frugal in their management." The italics are our own. Mr. Buckmaster, in some of his other works, seems to have possessed a stronger faith. Is he too a prey to modern scepticism?

MINOR NOTICES.

THE handsome and convenient edition of the works of Sir Henry Taylor now appearing * cannot fail to be welcome, not only to his staunch admirers of other days who are indebted to him for so much intellectual enjoyment, but also, it may be presumed, to a widely increased circle of readers of the new generation, too young to have known them on their first appearance. It may be remembered that Sir Henry himself, in the preface to his *Van Artevelde*, expressed an apprehension that "it might occasion some disappointment to the admirers of that highly coloured poetry which has been popular in these later years"; and in anticipation of this result he took the opportunity of expressing his opinions "upon two or three of the most prominent features in the present state of poetical literature." His remarks on this subject were very much to the point; but, even at that time, they can hardly have been really required in order to justify the production of such genuine and finished poetry as his own; and long ago its power and beauty have been fully and gratefully recognized by a class qualified to appreciate them. It may be believed, however, that this appreciation will now extend to a larger multitude. The passionate devotion to certain poets of that period which was supposed to stand in the way of justice being done to a more moderate and rational muse quickly faded away; and, if Sir Henry Taylor had at first a less enthusiastic reception than some of his contemporaries in those early days, he has had the compensation of enjoying a more measured and lasting admiration. One of the causes which perhaps at one time may have retarded the cordial reception of his works was the dramatic form in which he presented them. As he says in the preface to which we have referred:—"As this work, consisting of two Plays and an Interlude, is equal in length to about six such plays as are adapted to representation, it is almost unnecessary to say that it was not intended for the stage." Any one who looks at it must see that it could not have been either intended or adapted for the stage; yet for some time it remained identified with theatrical form and was tested by its rules. Indeed it was, after some years, produced by a highly acute manager and actor; but it had only what is called a success of esteem, and has never, as far as we are aware, been revived. As a literary masterpiece, however, it has long since taken an assured position; and it is easy to imagine the pleasure of those to

* *The Works of Sir Henry Taylor*. Vol. I. *Philip van Artevelde*. Vol. II. *Edwin the Fair and Isaac Comnenus*. King & Co.

whom it is familiar in renewing their recollection of it, as well as the gratification of those who now make acquaintance with it for the first time. The charm of Sir Henry's writings lies both in the style and substance, in the grace and eloquence of the language and the robust and manly thought. It is certainly not every day that one comes on such writing or pictures as are exhibited in *Van Artevelde*. As a play it is not histrionic, but as a literary work it has undoubtedly all the pulses of dramatic power. *Edwin the Fair* is, in its detached and digressive incidents, still more unfit for acting; but it is not only a fine poem, but a great historical picture, in its variety of characters and play of diverse passions. *Isaac Commens*, which comes nearest the stage, also displays the writer's power in the delineation of human nature in its graver and more subtle aspects, and inner workings.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt is justified in saying that the want which has hitherto existed of a satisfactory English translation of Montaigne* is a recognized deficiency in our literature; and it must be admitted that, to a certain extent, Mr. Hazlitt's work fills up the gap, though how far it does so is a matter on which opinions may probably differ. That it is better than any other existing edition in English there can be no doubt. Cotton's translation is good in its way, but he was by no means faithful to the text, and was audacious both in his interpolations by way of redundancy and paraphrase, and also by unwarrantable omissions. Mr. Hazlitt has adopted Cotton's version of 1685-6 in the main, and has had the advantage of correcting it by a careful collation with the *variorum* edition of the original, Paris, 1854; and he inserts parallel passages from Florio's earlier undertaking at the foot of the page. He also gives sixteen recovered letters, and some of the correspondence, which he admits to be in a purely fragmentary condition; and has relegated to the footnotes Cotton's alterations of the text, and replaced what he has left out. Moreover he has had the assistance of his father, Mr. Hazlitt, the Registrar of Bankruptcy, who was the editor of a very good and well-known edition of Montaigne published in 1842, in verifying and re-translating the quotations which were in a most corrupt state, and were very loosely and inaccurately rendered by Cotton. The sketch of the life of Montaigne with which Mr. Hazlitt prefaces the volume is freely translated from that in the *variorum* Paris edition, and contains, he thinks, "all the really interesting and important matters in the Journal of the Tour in Germany and Italy, which, as it was merely written under Montaigne's dictation, and is in the third person, is scarcely worth publication, as a whole, in an English dress." This, however, seems a very insufficient reason for not translating these letters in full. Sainte-Beuve gives a very interesting account of them, and the mere fact that they were not written by Montaigne's own hand, but only at his dictation, does not deprive them of the value they have in the way of close and original observation. Mr. Hazlitt will do well to render his volume as complete as possible by making up this omission in the next edition. In any case this version of Montaigne must be regarded as that which is up to this moment the most accurate and complete in our language. It is no disparagement, however, to Mr. Hazlitt's capacity as a reviser of Cotton, to say that this translation gives, as any possible translation, however close, must do, a very imperfect and inadequate idea of the original, because Montaigne's writing simply defies translation in any language but his own. Montaigne was not an inventor of words; he used the vocabulary of his day, but in his own way, and with a meaning of his own; and no one can fully appreciate the depth, subtlety, and rich humour of his writing who does not read it in the original tongue. A certain sympathy, too, must be brought to the task by the reader, as may be seen by a characteristic criticism of Horace Walpole, who clearly was wanting in this faculty:—"I am reading Montaigne's Travels, which have lately been found; there is little in them but the baths and medicines he took, and what he had everywhere for dinner."

Fifteen years after Joubert's death his widow entrusted to Chateaubriand the task of editing, for private circulation, a small selection of extracts from the numerous papers left by him. It was eagerly borrowed from the persons privileged to possess it, was copied in manuscript, and read in the salons; while the reviews also noticed it at more or less length, Sainte-Beuve's famous article taking of course the chief place in this respect. The interest which the private issue of the work caused naturally led to a fuller collection, the preparation of which was undertaken by M. Paul de Raynal, Joubert's nephew, who had in the course of his work to go through some two hundred small manuscript books, containing jottings of reflections, analyses of readings, notes of passing incidents, &c., and to decipher and arrange a great heap of loose scraps of paper on which observations had been pencilled down in bed, in the study, or during walks and drives. A number of letters addressed to Fontanes, Mme. de Beaumont, Mme. de Vintimille, and Molé also found a place in the revised and enlarged collection; and subsequently additional letters and thoughts were discovered, and published in a new edition. Although Joubert's reflections and meditations have thus been given to the world, it has happened that they have been known to most Englishmen only at second-hand in the essays of Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Matthew Arnold, and that comparatively few were acquainted with the original. This want will now be supplied, as far as the *Pensées* are

concerned, by the English translation by Mr. Henry Attwell, accompanied by the French text.* It has been said of Joubert's writings that to glance over them was like uncovering a tray of diamonds. They are certainly a great treasury of philosophical and suggestive thought; and it must be acknowledged that Mr. Attwell has accomplished in a masterly way the very difficult duty of rendering into his own language the delicacy and profundity of the original.

Some recent illustrations of Mrs. Barrett Browning's displays of precocious genius have just been supplemented by a collection of a number of pieces published between 1826 and 1833.† In 1826 she put forth a little anonymous volume entitled *An Essay on Mind, and other Poems*, with a preface in which she starts from the saying of "that immortal writer we have lost" (Byron), that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth"; and then goes on boldly to deal with the whole range of this large question, analysing the mental characteristics of Plato, Bacon, Condillac, Bolingbroke, and making many pithy and pointed comments of her own. She excuses herself in dealing with the operations of the mind for not touching on "that point difficult to argue and impossible to determine—the nature of her substance," because, though "the investigation is curious and the subject a glorious one, after all, our closest reasonings thereupon are acquired from analogy, and our most extensive views must be content to take their places among other ingenious speculations. The columns of Hercules are yet unpassed. Metaphysicians have cavilled and confused; but they have failed in their endeavour to establish any permanent theoretical edifice on that windy site." And then she quotes a remark of Socrates in regard to a work by Heraclitus "the Obscure":—"The things we understand are so excellent, that we believe what we do not understand to be likewise excellent." She explains that she has not developed her ideas as to the nature and principles of poetry, as the subject had already been disposed of by established maxims, and "the act of whitewashing an ancient Gothic edifice would be less indicative of bad taste" than an attempt to disturb them. She also wishes that the sublime circuit of intellect embraced by the plan of her poems had fallen to the lot of a spirit more powerful than her own. On the whole, the style of the *Essay on Mind* is of the old-fashioned and pedantic kind, such as—

When Reason shudder'd at her own wan beam,
And Hope turn'd pale beneath the sickly gleam.

Yet there are some good lines, as in the question, what is "the subtle cause, the ethereal essence" of the mind:—

Why dust rules dust, and clay surpasses clay;
Why a like mass of atoms should combine
To form a Tully and a Cataline?
Or why, with flesh perchance of equal weight,
One cheers a prize-fight, and one frees a state?

The "other poems" in this volume are, however, more attractive. From one addressed to her father on his birthday, it appears that he encouraged her early attempts at poetry, and that she "loved her lyre only for his loved sake," and all the while thinking how to win his smile, which was "her proudest fame, her dearest pride." "A Vision of Life and Death" is eerie and impressive. But the best pieces are in the publication of 1833. There we have some very picturesque touches in a poem called "Earth":—

Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair
From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
With keeping blythe Dan Phœbus company;
And throws him on the grass, though half-afraid;
First glancing round, lest tempests should be nigh,
And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,
And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
On all the petal'd flowers that sat beneath
In hiding-places from the rain and snow,
'To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold
Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.
They straightway hear his voice.

The number of works which appear at this season enumerating the charitable institutions of London‡ shows how deep and widespread is the interest taken in them by all classes of the community, and gives an impressive idea of the extent of the beneficence which is always at work during the year, though it reaches its climax as Christmas approaches. In looking through these records there is hardly to be found any form of distress or destitution which does not receive systematic and, in many cases, abundant attention; and it must be very difficult for liberal-minded people who may happen to have no personal knowledge of particular institutions to make a choice among such a multitude of them, most of which have apparently equally worthy and pressing claims. Mr. Mackeson, the editor of *Low's Handbook*, gives some opportune advice on this point. He remarks that, while a vast amount of good of all kinds is being done on every side, and steady progress made in the collection of subscriptions and the efficient administration of the funds thus provided, there also are too many instances in which the promoters of such schemes act on the false principle of trusting too much to charitable subscriptions. This, he holds, is a fatal mistake. There are, no doubt,

* *Pensées of Joubert*. Selected and Translated, with the Original French appended. By Henry Attwell. Macmillan & Co.

† *The Earlier Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1826-1833*. Robson.

‡ *Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1877-78*. Edited and Revised to August last by Charles Mackeson. Low & Co.

* *Essays of Montaigne*. Translated by Charles Cotton. With some Account of the Life of Montaigne, Notes, and a Translation of all the Letters known to be extant. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. 3 vols. Reeves & Turner.

peculiar kinds of distress which require peculiar forms of remedy; but, as a rule, benevolent undertakings ought to be made as far as possible self-supporting; and it is satisfactory to observe how generally this principle is adopted with success; as, for instance, in the case of the movement to provide artisans in London and other large towns with suitable dwellings at moderate rents, and in other ways, so as to be able to supply a remunerative rate of interest on the capital invested, which is thus largely increased. Not only in regard to house-building, but to the provision of coffee-houses and refreshments for the people, this principle is now adopted, and good work of many kinds is done on a solid financial basis offering fair security to investors. Arrangements have also been made to extend the operation of the Provident Dispensaries, and there is the important banking system developed by the Provident Knowledge Society. In the former it is hoped that the less wealthy classes may be induced to combine, and by a small periodical payment to secure medical treatment for themselves and their families. The National Penny Bank, with its numerous branches all over the country, is also usefully supplementing the Post Office Banks by opening up a means of investment of the smallest sums, from one penny upwards, for which two and a half per cent. is paid on all sums left for a stated time. We are glad to learn that these new methods of self-supporting benevolence do not in the least stand in the way of the regular operations of charity, strictly so-called, such as hospitals and medical institutions; and that there is also an ample margin for exceptional emergencies has been signally attested by the subscriptions for the sufferers in the war, the coal-mine accidents, and, above all, the Indian Famine. The editor of this Handbook mentions the establishment of "The Invalids' Home Association," which, it is calculated, will, when fully set up, be self-supporting, the fund of 20,000*l.* now being raised being only for the erection and furnishing of the building. The *Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities** contains comparative tables of income for 1874 and 1875, showing that the total for the latter year has increased by 139,268*l.* It also estimates at four millions the sum annually contributed to charities in the metropolis to which must be added the incomes of numerous institutions which do not make returns, and the very considerable amount distributed in relief by church and chapel congregations. The subscription-lists include, according to Lord Shaftesbury, a yearly contribution of 250,000*l.* to fraudulent charities. In his preface to his *Royal Guide to London Charities*†, Mr. Herbert Fry remarks that the plan of the Hospital Sunday subscription, though satisfactory in most respects, has the effect in a number of cases of depriving institutions of the chance of new subscribers, and of disconnecting the givers and receivers.

The law in regard to gas and water supply has necessarily undergone a good many alterations during the last few years, in order that it might be adapted to the requirements caused by increased experience of its operation and by various changes in the conditions under which it has to be worked; and Mr. Michael and Mr. Will have performed a useful service in bringing out a new edition of a work on this subject which they produced in 1872, so as to make it a complete representation of the legislation down to the close of last Session.‡ It deals both with the rights and duties of private Companies and those of local authorities as representing the public, and supplies a clear and comprehensive account of the existing regulations in regard to these important questions, and the precise relations between the Companies and their customers, as to which very vague ideas appear to prevail in some quarters. The volume is of much value—not only as a work of reference for professional practitioners, but as enabling private persons to understand their own position in the matter, and to know exactly what they have a right to expect from the Companies, and the means of obtaining redress in the event of any neglect or irregularity on the part of the latter. An introduction, giving a general view of the recent course of legislation in regard to gas and water, is followed by an analysis of the Acts now in force.

Mr. Forbes, who has had the advantage of serving under the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies in the practical work of that department, and has thus had access to the awards made in regard to Savings Banks § from the time of the late Mr. Tidd Pratt, and who is also acquainted with the views and practice of Mr. Pratt's successor, has compiled a compact and handy statement of the law in regard to these institutions as laid down by the Barrister and the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The necessity and usefulness of such a guide at the present time are much increased by the fact that, since the transfer to the Solicitor of the Treasury of the functions of adviser to the National Debt Commissioners—which functions were formerly vested in the Barrister employed to certify the rules of Savings Banks—it is understood that that officer has not felt himself bound to afford to trustees the gratuitous advice in such matters which used to be given by the Barrister. It appears that there is a difficulty in making a clear distinction between Acts relating solely to Trustee Savings Banks and those regulating Post Office Savings Banks, in consequence of the form in which legislation has been conducted. The author, therefore, begins by giving the clauses of the Acts

which, though repealed as to Trustee Savings Banks, apply to Post Office Savings Banks and the Post Office Regulations. The Savings Banks (Barristers) Act of 1876, certain sections of the Married Women's Property Act, and the Bankers' Books Evidence Act, are placed in a third division; and the two chief Acts as to the Government Insurance system bring the work to a close. Since it has been passing through the press, a law has been enacted, making a complete separation of the National Debt Commissioners' Accounts for Trustee Savings Banks, and for Post Office Savings Banks.

Mr. Prentice has written a manual giving the outlines of the proceedings in actions in the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer Divisions of the High Court of Justice*, which is intended chiefly for students, but may also be serviceable to practitioners. Mr. Prentice points out that, while the new system contains many improvements, there are at present often doubts whether old practices, which, when not specifically altered by statute, are assumed to remain, have been abolished or modified; but these doubts are gradually being set at rest.

Mr. E. H. Henslowe Bedford, finding that, through the Bankruptcy Bill of last Session not having been passed, there was no guide at hand to the law as it stands, has provided an edition for the use of candidates at the Final Examinations during the present month, for which they will no doubt be thankful.

Mr. Page still holds to his mission of removing unfavourable impressions of personal character and bringing into light the less obvious inner qualities of mind, heart, and soul.† He has already done his best to clear De Quincey's nature from misrepresentation and misconception, and has also illustrated Hawthorne's temperament in a pleasant way; and now he has an act of justice to do to another American, Thoreau. To most Englishmen Thoreau is little more than a name, and Mr. Page contritely confesses that he himself was once possessed by current prejudices against him. "Till within a few years ago," he says, "the name of Thoreau stood to me for morbid sentiment, weak rebellion, and contempt for society. If I met with his name in general literature, it was usually with an implied protest against the main drift of his teaching and aims." He knew that Thoreau had written some original and "pure and beautiful things," but he thought these were "chips and straws cast up by the steady current of morbid and stoical egotism." Afterwards Mr. Page discovered that Thoreau's friends loved him, and that he loved them; that, "in spite of an outer coating of stoicism and protest, he was true and tender of heart; that, though he was sometimes extreme in his expression of dislike for the artificial make-believes of modern society, he loved individual men, and most that which was individual in them, showing the utmost patience and toleration in his association with others; that his love of nature and power over animals, which were so express and characteristic in him, did not lead him to sour retreat from society, but rather to seek a new point of relation to it, by which a return might be possible and profitable." In short, he found that the common view of Thoreau was quite wrong, and he now, after pursuing his studies on the subject in all directions, and collecting all the information and insight he can get as to his character and mind, makes amends. He shows Thoreau as a "self-sufficing but kindly and patriotic man," who had himself run into perils by his efforts against slavery, and had freed not a few slaves, and was the first to make a public protest on behalf of John Brown. In asking his readers to do justice to Thoreau as a patriot and reformer, and to see that "this man, who held society in such despite on some accounts, was eager to purify it from the worst incubus that probably ever rested upon it," Mr. Page frankly admits that he has no new and unpublished information to offer about the subject of his sketch, but has tried to "let the man speak for himself." Every generous instinct must be enlisted on the side of such an appeal as this; and we must say that Mr. Page seems to make out his case as to the essential heartiness and goodness of Thoreau's character. The sketch of his life is very interesting and graphic, and brings the whole figure before us with vivid and also pathetic effect. We should only be forestalling the enjoyment which readers will derive from this study by attempting to give any account of it in detail; and must be enough to recommend it to attention. Its moderate compass is also one of its merits.

The second part of the first volume of the history of the Russo-Turkish war § which is appearing under the editorship of Captain H. M. Hozier brings us to the point at which the inevitable hostilities practically began, the insurrection in Herzegovina in July 1875, though diplomatic efforts, including the Conference, for a time deferred the opening of the direct conflict between Russia and Turkey, so that it was not till April 24th in the present year that the Emperor of Russia issued his declaration of war. In this volume there is a good account of the armaments and forces of the two combatants; but the narrative of actual hostilities is not yet begun. The literary part of the work is written in a plain, straightforward way, and the engravings and maps deserve commendation for their clearness and effectiveness.

* *Second Annual Edition of the Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities for 1877.* Longmans & Co.

† *The Royal Guide to the London Charities for 1877-78.* By Herbert Fry. Hardwicke & Bogue.

‡ *The Law relating to Gas and Water; comprising the Rights and Duties of Local Authorities and Private Companies.* By W. H. Michael and T. Shires Will, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. Butterworths.

§ *The Law relating to Trustee and Post Office Savings Banks.* By Urquhart A. Forbes, Barrister-at-Law. Hardwicke & Bogue.

* *The Proceedings in an Action in the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer Divisions of the High Court of Justice.* By Samuel Prentice, Q.C. Stevens & Sons.

† *The Final Examination Guide to Bankruptcy.* By Edward Henslowe Bedford, Solicitor. Third Edition. Stevens & Sons.

‡ *Thoreau: his Life and Aims. A Study.* By H. A. Page. Chatto & Windus.

§ *The Russo-Turkish War; including an Account of the Rise and Decline of the Ottoman Power and the Eastern Question.* Edited by Captain H. M. Hozier. Vol. I., Division II. Mackenzie.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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